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TALES OF THE IROQUOIS

Volumes I and II

by
Tehanetorens

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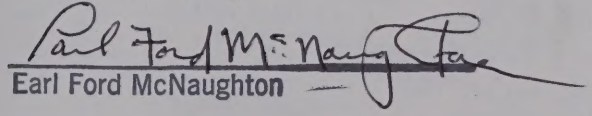
TALES OF THE IROQUOIS

Volumes I and II

by tehanetorens

Collection of Native North American Indian Books, Historical Books, Atlases, plus other important authors and family heirloom books.
As of 12-31-93



Earl Ford McNaughton

Reprint Series Editor — Wm. Guy Spittal

PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

These stories which have been kept alive by Tehanetorens are more than children's entertainment. They provide us with another way to see the world. They teach us the history of this land, and the proper way for human beings to live together here.

Ideally, the best way for a story to be communicated is in the Old Way – elders gathered with their younger relatives, during the colder months, educating each other within the family circle. A book can only convey a part of the richness of stories such as these. However, since stories are not told so often in these days, this book is presented as a stepping-stone, with the hope that those who hear and read these Tales of the Iroquois will have them fixed in their memories, so when they are elders, they will gather around their young and not-so-young relatives for a session of story-telling, thus keeping this knowledge and tradition alive in the hearts of the People for still another generation.

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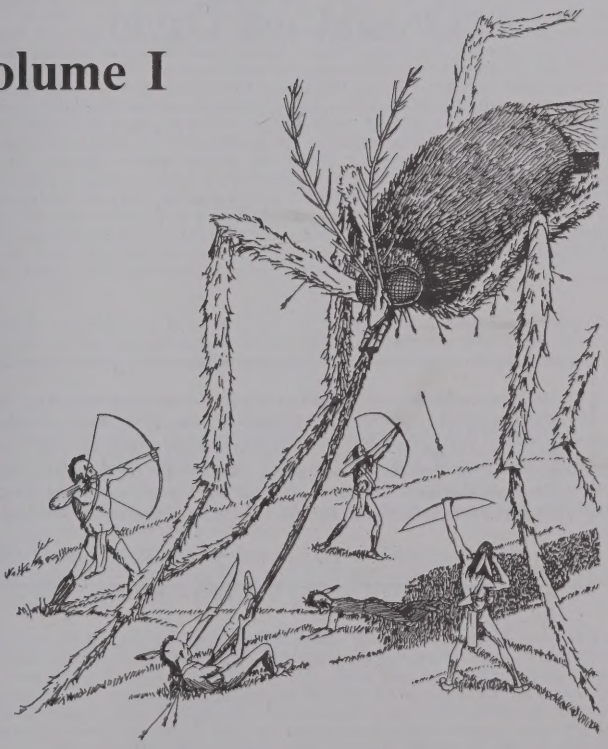
TALES OF THE IROQUOIS

Volume I



by tehanetorens

This book is dedicated to my grandchildren,

Donald and David

To maximize paper use minor changes have been made in the positioning of pages in this edition. A general tightening of the book has been effected by eliminating blank pages; as well, new Roman numerals have been given pages in the introductory sections of Volumes I and II. Consecutive numbers have been placed at the top of each page for the entire consolidated volume.

WGS

DEDICATIONS

These teaching tales were first published in pamphlet form by the Six Nations Museum or the Akwesasne Mohawk Counselor Organization. Many of them carried dedications to persons who had been helpful to the cause of native peoples. So that they will not be forgotten, the original dedications are reprinted here.

Dedication to "Key To Indian Pictographs" pamphlet read: "We, the Akwesasne Mohawk Counselor Organization, dedicate this pamphlet to our friend and brother, Apeta, or Julian Harris Solomon of Nyack, New York.

"Apeta, a noted author and authority on the American Indian, says the following as regards the value of teaching Indian culture, crafts and history in the American schools: 'Camp directors and leaders of the great outdoor movement such as the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls have found in Indian Lore an opportunity to enrich their programs in handicraft, pageantry and ceremonies, and to give to their work more romance and color. The schools too have found in the almost-universal appeal that the Indian makes to the child, a method of using Indian Lore for teaching many subjects. A project in science carried out by the Lincoln Elementary School, Teacher's College, Columbia University, which began with a study of Indian methods of growing cotton, let the children to a general study of Indian life. When it was over, it was found that in addition to science, the children had touched on the following subjects: reading through Indian stories, speaking through Indian words, geography from study of the Indian's physical environment, history through a study of the Indian's relation to the white race, household arts by cooking Indian dishes, fine arts by reproducing Indian designs, and physical education through Indian dances. The report says, 'It is a study that is rich in worthwhile leads. It has a historical as well as a social significance for the child. It is a subject to which the children continually return, even after it has been replaced by another central activity.' ' [*The Book of Indian Crafts and Indian Lore,* by Julian Harris Solomon, p. xiv-v, Harper & Brother.] "

Dedication to the Thunder Boy pamphlet read: "We, the Akwesasne Mohawk Counselor Organization from the St. Regis Mohawk Reservation, dedicate this little forest tale, 'Thunder Boy', to Miss Susan Kirkby, former history teacher of the Norwich High School, Chenango County, New York State.

A limited number of teachers achieve that pinnacle of knowledge and honors which places them far above the average. A few of this select group possess the ability and desire to maintain achievement, although constantly faced with the temptation to rest upon their laurels.

No less worthy is that multitude of teachers whose achievement is measured not by knowledge and honors, but by their influence on the individual youngster. Motivated by a love for children and a keen sense of responsibility to society, these teachers have made an everlasting contribution to America. Everyone who has attended school has known one such teacher and benefitted by his or her guidance and kindness.

Miss Susan Kirkby, former history teacher of the Norwich High School, was that type of teacher, and by honoring her memory here, tribute is paid to all those teachers who sincerely believe in the destiny of each little boy and girl."

Dedication to the Hermit Thrush pamphlet read: "We, the Akwesasne Mohawk Counselor Organization from the St. Regis Reservation dedicate this pamphlet, 'How Hermit Thrush Got His Song', to the noted historian and author, Mr. Hale Sipe of Freeport, Pennsylvania. We dedicate this little forest tale to Mr. Sipe because in all of his writings, he has written the truth concerning the old time Indian. He has not tried to cover up or hide true Indian history. As this honest historian says: 'It is a historian's duty to record the wrongs committed upon the Indian, as well as the wrongs committed by him. History must not hide the truth.' We are grateful to Mr. Hale Sipe, a true historian and a real friend, for the attitude he has taken."

Dedication to The Story of the Monster Bear, the Great Dipper, read: "We, the Akwesasne Mohawk Counselor Organization of the St. Regis Reservation, dedicate this pamphlet, 'The Story of the Monster Bear', to our friend and Brother, A. Hyatt Verrill (Tchanku Tanka).

"Mr. A.H. Verrill is probably one of the greatest authorities on the Indians of the Americas. There are few, if any, Indian nations of North, South, or Central America that he has not visited. A noted author, he has written several authentic Indian books, including, "Foods America Gave to the World," "Old Civilizations of the New World," and many more.

"Mr. Verrill says the following of our people: 'We think of Custer and his men as heroes and we give them the honor that is due them as brave and valiant men who died fighting for their country and flag. But we should not forget that the men against whom they fought were defending their homes, their lands, their women and children, and their very existence. Can we, as a nation whose ancestors laid down their lives in defense of their liberty and their homes, as a nation who revererence those patriots as heroes, can we, I say, afford to overlook the fact that the Indians were doing the same? Why should we not be fair and give the Indian his due, now that both white and Red are at peace, and our country's Indian sons have fought so gallantly for our flag? Why not respect the Indian for his gallant but ever-losing struggle, pitting his primitive weapons against the powder and ball of trained soldiery? Why not regard as heroic the Indians who fell fighting a hopeless fight for all they held sacred and dear?' "

The rest of the stories in this book are dedicated to those who keep alive the ideals and ways of the Old Iroquois, people such as:

Tom Porter

Dick Laughing

Rita & Clarence White

George Buck

Alex Gray

Oren Lyons

Emily General

John Mohawk

Joann Reyome

Ernie Benedict

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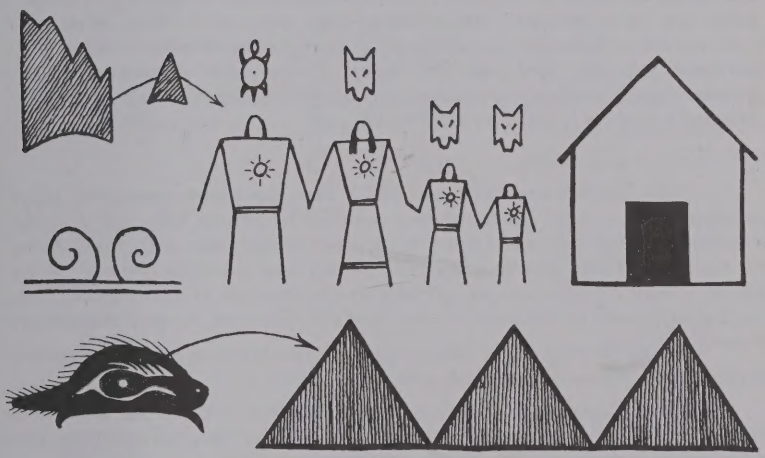
Key To Indian Pictographs



Picture writing is a means of expressing thoughts or recording events by marks or drawings. An understanding of Iroquois or Six Nations customs, dress, history, culture, language and tradition is necessary for the understanding of these pictograph signs. The symbols and signs given in this pamphlet are, in most cases, both ancient and modern Six Nation origin. Some of the more ancient signs were secured from wampum belts, pictographs found on bark dishes, Condolence Canes, rock writings, beadwork and designs recorded in the writings of early missionaries and explorers who travled among the Iroquois. In some cases, where a thought design was lacking, a general Indian design taken from the most important known pictographs of the North American native peoples has been used. The designs collected and illustrated in this pamphlet have required a great deal of effort, thought, and research, because the sources of information are very scarce.

From legends and traditions handed down to the young Iroquois today, it is known that the Old Ones among the Iroquois had an elaborate system of pictograph

writing. Each bark cabin had its painted clan symbol over the entrance. Records of the happenings and exploits of the Iroquois were painted within the bark houses. Bark was often stripped from the tree upon which record paintings of events were made on the whitened wood. In some cases, a post was erected in the village for the same purpose. In every town of the Six Nations, the War Chief erected a war-post. Upon this post, events were recorded. Many of these memorial posts have been mentioned in the writings of the early explorers. In the *Moravian Journals* and the *Jesuit Relations* picture writings of the Iroquois are often mentioned. The following quotations are examples of this:

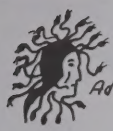
"Though they [Iroquois] are ignorant of the art of reading and writing, yet their ancestors were well aware that they were in need of something to enable them to convey their ideas to a distant nation, or preserve the memory of remarkable events. To this end, they invented something like hieroglyphics, and also strings and belts of wampum. Their hieroglyphics are characteristic figures, which are more frequently painted upon trees than cut in stone. They are intended either to caution against danger, to mark a place of safety, to direct the wanderer into the right path, to record a remarkable transaction, or to commemorate the deeds and achievements of their celebrated heroes, and are as intelligible to them as a written account is to us."

Again:

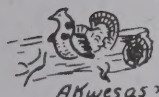
"The warriors sometime paint their own deeds and adventures. Other paintings point out the places where a company of Indians have been hunting, showing the nights they spent there, the number of deer, bear, etc., killed during the hunt, etc. If even a party of traveling Indians have spent but one night in the woods, it may be easily known, not only by the structure of their sleeping huts, but by their marks on the trees, to what tribe they belonged, for they always leave a mark." (From *History of the Mission of the United Brethren Among the Indians in North America*, by George Henry Leskiel, p. 24-25.)

The Hon. Cadwallader Colden, a colonial governor of New York, wrote in his *History of The Five Nations* about the war parties of the Iroquois, saying that after traveling about three or four miles from their village:

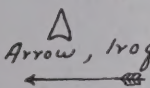
"They always peel a large piece of bark from some great tree; they commonly chose an oak, as most lasting. Upon the smooth side of this wood, they, with their red paint, draw one or more canoes, going from home, with the number of men in them paddling, which go upon the expedition, and some animal, as a deer or fox. An emblem of the nation against which the expedition is designed is painted at the head of the canoes, for they always travel in canoes along the rivers, which lead to the country against which the expedition is designed, as far as they can. After the expedition is over, they stop at the same place on their return. They represent on the same or some tree near it the event of the enterprise, and now the canoes are painted with their heads turned toward the town; the number of the enemy killed is represented by scalps painted black, and the number of prisoners by as many withes, and with which they usually pinion their captives. These trees are the annals, or rather trophies of the Five Nations. I have seen many of them, and by them and their war songs, they preserve the history of their great achievements."


Adadarhoh

Adadarhoh


Akwesasne

Arrow, Algonquin

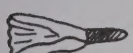

Arrow, Iroquois

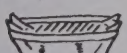
Arrow

Ask oid of Creator

Basket

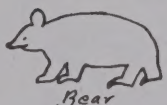
Bark Barrel

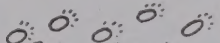

Bark rattle

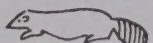

Bark Tray

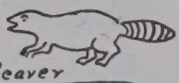
Barrel (fire water)

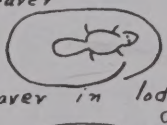
Bear

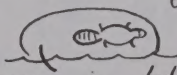

Bear


Bear tracks

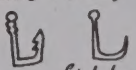

Beaver

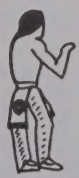

Beaver

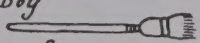

Beaver in lodge


Beaver in lodge

Black robe, Priest

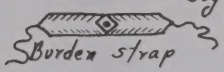

Bone fish hooks


Boy


Broom

Buffalo

Bug


Burden strap

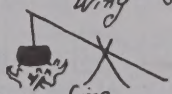
Bowl

Bark sled

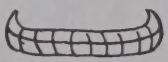
Blow gun and darts

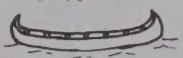
Cabin

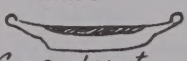
Eagle Dance Wing

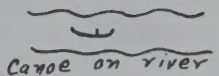

Camp fire

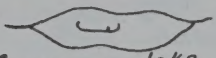
Canada, Christian

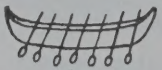

Canoe


Canoe

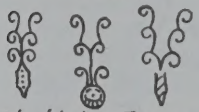

Canoe, dugout

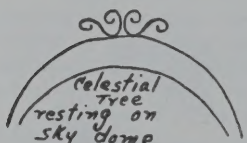

Canoe on river

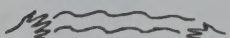

Canoe on lake

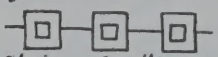

Canoe - Seven Warriors

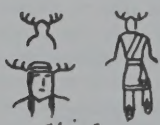
White man in Canoe

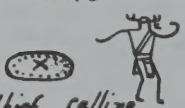

Celestial Trees

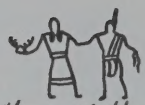

Celestial Tree resting on sky dome


Covenant Chain, Symbol of peace

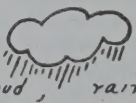

Chain of alliance

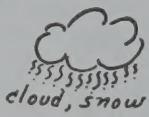

Chiefs

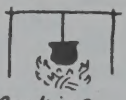

Chief calling People To Council

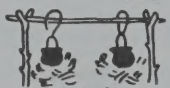

Clan Mother Nominating Chief

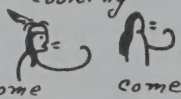
Cloud

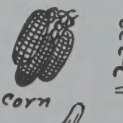

Cloud, rain


Cloud, snow

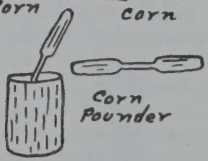

Cooking

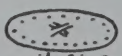

Cooking


Come Come


Corn

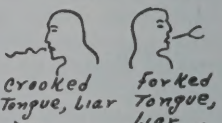
Corn

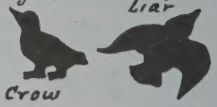

Corn Pounder

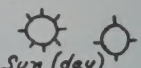

Council fire

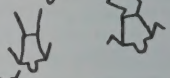
Cradle Board

heron Crane


Crooked Tongue, liar Forked Tongue, Liar

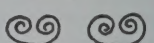

Crow

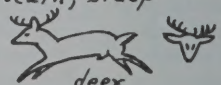

Sun (day)

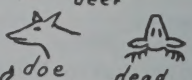

dead

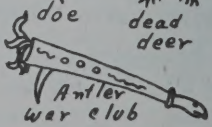
dead

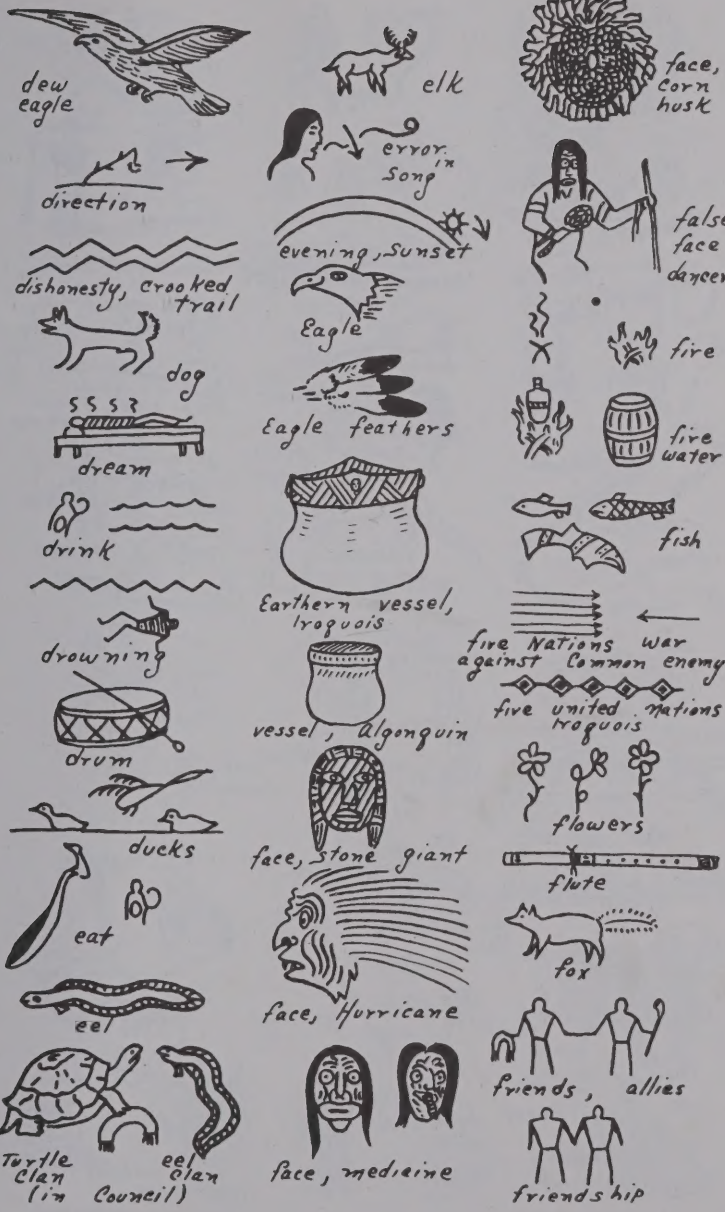
dead fall


death, sleep


deer


doe dead deer


Antler war club

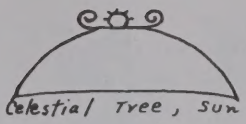

dew eagle
direction
dishonesty, crooked trail
dog
dream
drink
drowning
drum
ducks
eat
eel
Turtle Clan (in Council)
eel clan
elk
error in Song
evening, Sunset
Eagle
Eagle feathers
Earthern vessel, Iroquois
vessel, Algonquin
face, Stone giant
face, Hurricane
face, medicine
face, corn husk
false face dancer
fire
fire water
fish
five Nations war against Common enemy
five united nations Iroquois
flowers
flute
fox
friends, allies
friendship

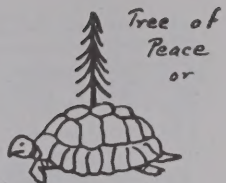
friend ship
heart
ill
hill
frog
Iroquois
horned Serpent
Islands
gave skins and meat
horn rattle
hoop and Spear game
gave skins
Speaks truth, Straight tongue
Join Iroquois league
grasp Tree of peace
geese
houses
gourd rattle
Knife
humming birds
grass
Lacrosse
hunters
sky dome, Tree of life, Sun
ladle
Great Spirit Speaks
hunter in one day killed Bear and deer
happiness in heart (Sun heart)
hunting
Lake
hawk
swiftness
husk doll
leaf
many
moccasins, Leggings

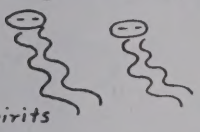
Lightning
Lizard
migrate, move
Onondaga nation
Keeper of the
Confederate league
Council fire
Peace, bury hatchet
Mohawks, Senecas-
Keepers of Eastern
and western door
of Longhouse-
otter
men
moon
moon
Month
moose
owls
man following
Trail
old
man
Sunrise
morning
paddles
wise
man
mountains
Peach Stone game
man's
trail
from
Canada
mourn
mouse
Peace, Two roads
side by side
Pipe
noon
married
woman
nut
trees
meat,
plenty
Plenty, Corn
Doctor
(a)
one
year
(b)
(c)
Porcupine

Prisoner Posts
Pounding corn
rat
river
road
Shoot gun
Sing with drum
Power above
Power of Chief
Sadness, black heart
Sacred (Sun) Woman
Slaves
Snake
Prayer
Sea
Snare
Prisoner
See
Snowshoe
Snow Snake
Seek new hunting grounds
Pump drill
Shinny
Speak
(a)
(b)
Quiver
Shoot
rabbit
Shoot arrow
(a) Speaks at
(b) Council
rattle snake

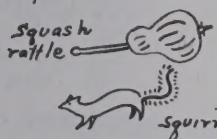
Speak
Together

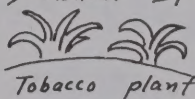

Celestial tree, sun

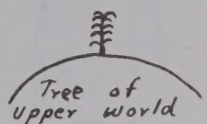

Tree of
Peace
or
Iroquois gov't
resting on world

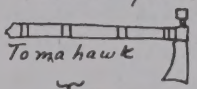

Spirits

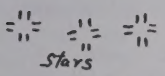
Thunder Spirit

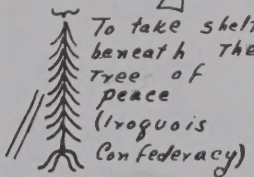

Squash
rattle
Squirrel


Tobacco plant

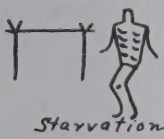

Tree of
upper world

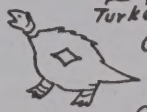

Tomahawk

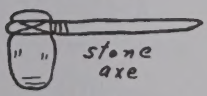

Stars

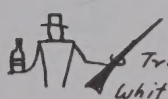

To take shelter
beneath the
tree of
peace
(Iroquois
Confederacy)

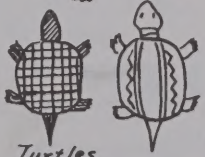
Turkey

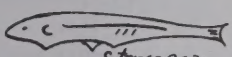

Starvation


Turtle


stone
axe

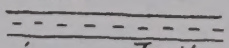

Trader,
White
man

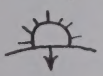

Turtles

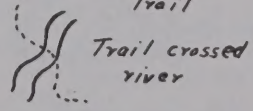

Sturgeon

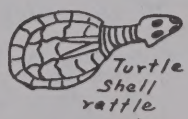
Trail

sun

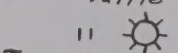

Trail


Sunset

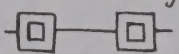

Trail crossed
river

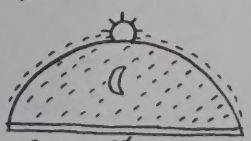

Turtle
Shell
rattle

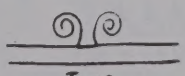
Sunrise

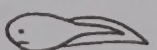

Two suns, days

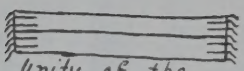
Trees


Two nations unite


Sun, stars,
moon

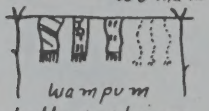

Tree

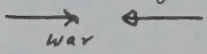

Tad pole

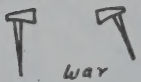

Unity of the five Nations

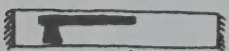
Villages

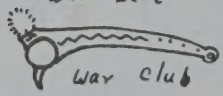
Unmarried Woman


Wampum belts & strings

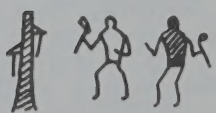

War


War


War belt


War club

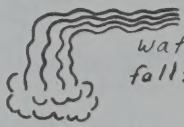
Warrior

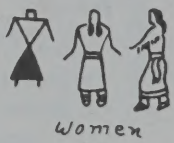

War post

Water

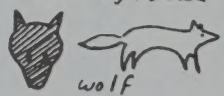
Warrior bearing Scalps

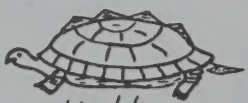
Water drum

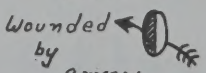

Water falls


Women

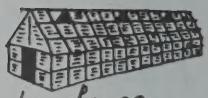
Woman, dead

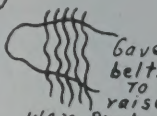

Wolf

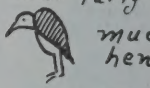

World

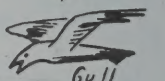

Wounded by arrow

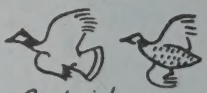
Wounded six times

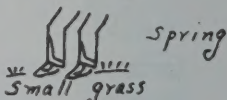

Long house

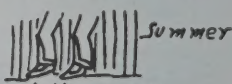

Gave belts to raise War Party

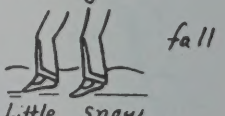

Mud hen

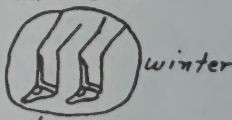

Gull

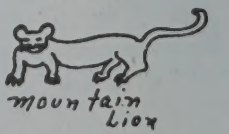

Partridge


Spring
Small grass

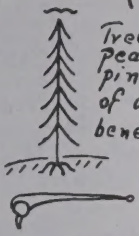

Summer
tall grass


Fall
Little Snow


Winter
deep snow

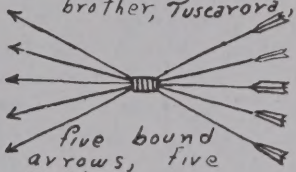

Mountain Lion

Symbols of the Six Nations (Iroquois Confederacy)

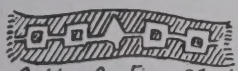


Tree of Peace, White pine, weapons of war buried beneath tree

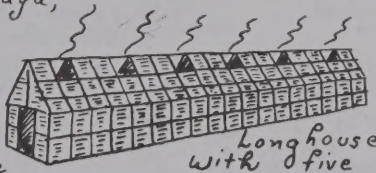
five united Brothers, five Nations plus sixth brother, Tuscarora, after 1712



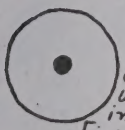
five bound arrows, five nations



Belt of five Nations, white heart or tree in center is Onondaga, Capital of Confederacy



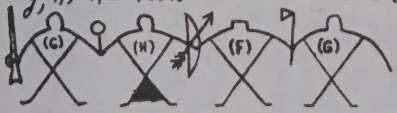
Longhouse with five fires, five Nations

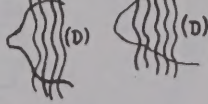


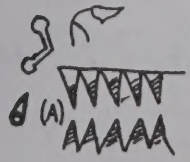
Circle with mark in center, five Nations

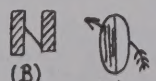
An Indian Record as displayed in his Cabin

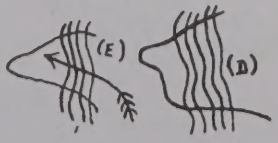
a, Number of times he has been wounded
b, He has been twice to war without returning
c, He was wounded by an arrow
d, He gave belts to raise a war party
e, He has gone back To fight before returning home
f, He killed a man who had a bow & arrow
g, h, He took two men and a woman prisoner





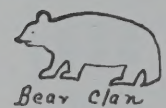






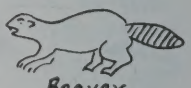
-The Clans of the Six Nations-

Below are the clans of the Iroquois. Every warrior and woman of the Iroquois belonged to one of these clans. Clan members considered each other as brothers and sisters. no one could marry into his or her own clan. The children belonged to the clan of their mother. Clan members of one tribe were given welcome, food and shelter by clan members of another tribe. The clan System united the Iroquois into a strong brotherhood-

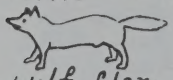

Bear Clan

Deer Clan

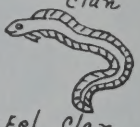
Snipe Clan


Beaver Clan

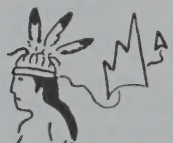
Turtle Clan

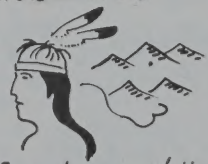

Wolf Clan

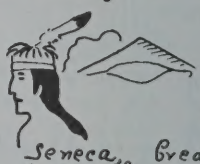
Heron Clan


Eel Clan

Eagle Clan


Mohawk, People of flint


Onondaga, Hill People

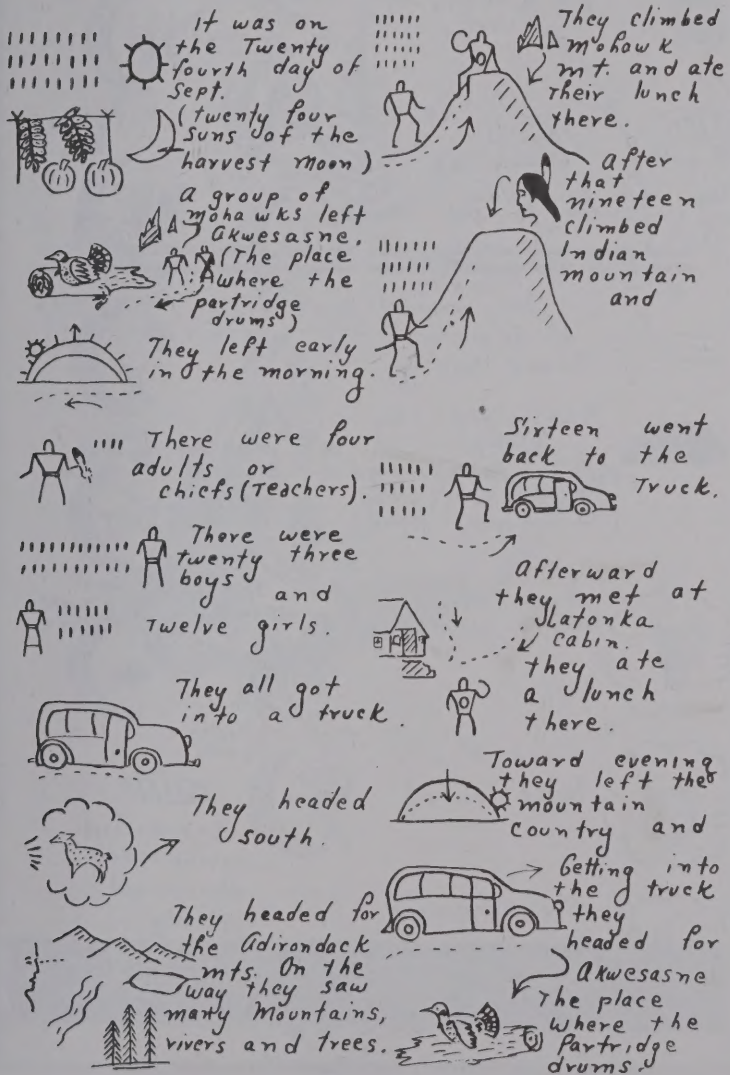

Seneca, Great People of a Mountain

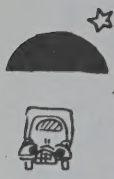
Oneida, People of Standing Stone

Cayuga, People of the Great Pipe or Swamp People

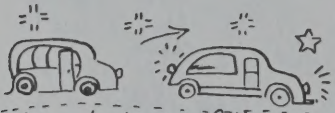
Tuscarora, People of the Shirt

An Akwesasne Hike as illustrated by Joan White, aged 12, member of Grade seven of the Mohawk Indian School, Hogansburg, New York

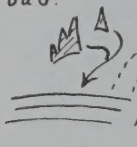

It was on the Twenty fourth day of Sept.
(twenty four suns of the harvest moon)
A group of mohawks left Akwesasne. (The place where the partridge drums)
They left early in the morning.
There were four adults or chiefs (Teachers).
There were twenty three boys and twelve girls.
They all got into a truck.
They headed south.
They headed for the Adirondack mts. On the way they saw many mountains, rivers and trees.
They climbed Mohawk mt. and ate their lunch there.
After that nineteen climbed Indian mountain and
Sixteen went back to the truck.
Afterward they met at Hatonka cabin. they ate a lunch there.
Toward evening they left the mountain country and
Getting into the truck they headed for Akwesasne The place where the partridge drums.



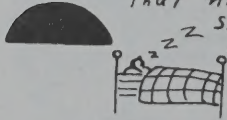
On the way back to Akwesasne the truck lights went out. It was very dark.



They had to follow a car in order to see the road.



After awhile They arrived at Akwesasne, Mohawk Country



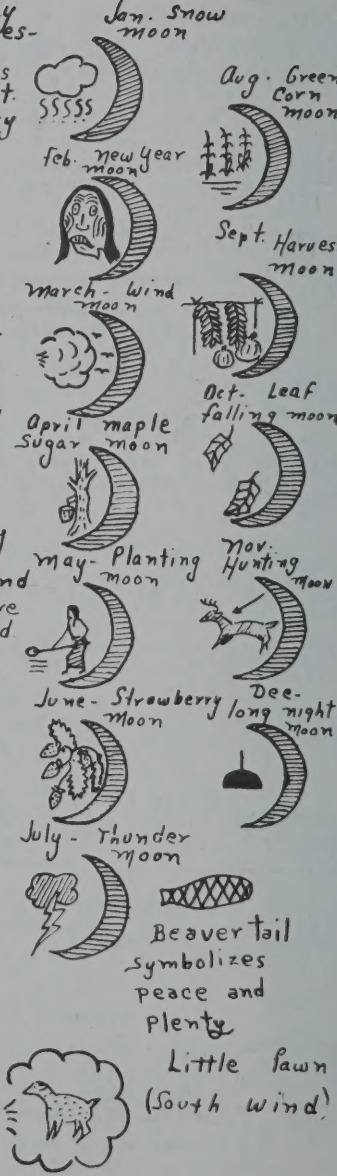
That night they slept heavily and they were very tired.

end.

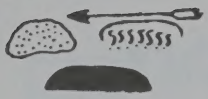
Great Bear (North Wind)

Great Panther (West Wind)

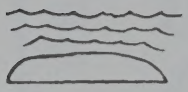
Great Moose (East Wind)



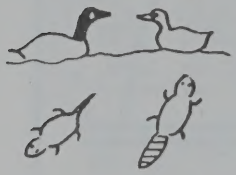
The Creation



Many Winters in the past (arrow going backward)



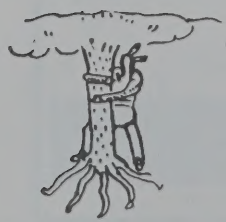
the Earth was entirely covered by a great blanket of water. There was no sun, moon, or stars and so there was no light. All was darkness.



At that time, the only living creatures of the world were water animals such as the beaver, muskrat, duck and loon.

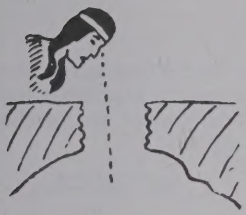
Far above earth was the Land of Happy Spirits where lived Rawennio, the Great Ruler. In the center of this upper world was a giant tree.

This great tree was an apple tree whose roots sank deep into the ground.



One day, Rawennio pulled this giant tree up by its roots.

The Great Spirit called his daughter who lived in the Upper World and commanded her to look into the pit caused by the uprooted tree.



This woman, who was to be the mother of the Good and Evil Spirits, came and looked into the hole by the uprooted tree.

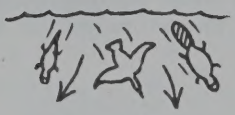
She saw far below her the Lower World covered with water and surrounded by heavy clouds.

"You are to go to this world of darkness," said the Great Spirit. Gently lifting her, he dropped her into the hole.

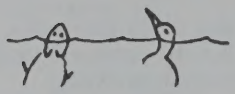
She floated downward.

Far below on the dark water floated the water animals. Looking upward, they saw a great light, which was the Sky Woman, slowly falling toward them.

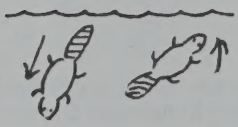
Because her body shone as a great light they were at first frightened.



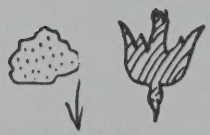
Fear filled their hearts and they dove beneath the deep waters.



But upon coming to the surface again, they lost their fear. They began to plan what they would do for the woman when she reached the water.



"We must find a dry place for her to rest on," said the beaver, and he plunged beneath the water in search of some earth. After a long time, the beaver's dead body floated to the top of the water.

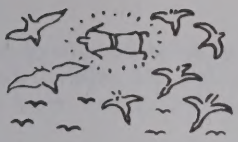


The loon tried next, but his body never came to the surface of the water. Many of the other water creatures dived, but all failed to secure any earth.

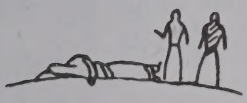
Finally, the muskrat went below and after a long time, his dead body floated to the surface of the water. His little claws were closed tight. Upon opening them, a little earth was found.

The water creatures took this earth, and calling a great turtle, they patted the earth firmly on her broad back. Immediately, the turtle started to grow larger. The earth also increased.

This earth became North America, a great island. Sometimes the earth cracks and shakes, and waves beat hard against the seashore. White people say, "Earthquake". The Mohawks say, "Turtle is stretching."

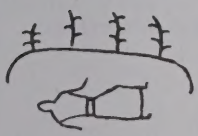


The Sky Woman had now almost reached the earth. "We must fly up and let her rest upon our backs so as to make her landing easy," said the chief of the white swans. Flying upward, a great flock of white swans allowed the Sky Woman to rest upon their backs. Gently, they bore her to earth.

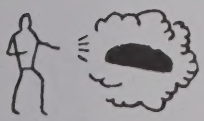


After a time, the Sky Woman gave birth to twins. One who became the Good Spirit was born first. The other, the Evil Spirit, while being born, caused his mother so much pain that she died during his birth.

The Good Spirit immediately took his mother's head and hung it in the sky. It became the sun. The Good Spirit, from his mother's body, fashioned the moon and stars and placed them in the sky.



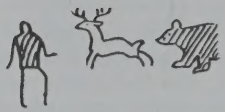
The rest of his mother's body he buried under the earth. That is why living things find nourishment from the soil. They spring from Mother Earth.



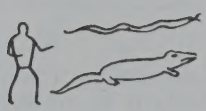
The Evil Spirit put darkness in the west sky to drive the sun before it.

The Good Spirit created many things which he placed upon the earth. The Evil Spirit tried to undo the work of his brother by creating evil. The Good Spirit made tall and beautiful trees such as the pine and hemlock.

The Evil Spirit stunted some trees. In others, he put knots and gnarls. He covered some with thorns, and placed poison fruit on them.



The Good Spirit made animals such as the deer and the bear.



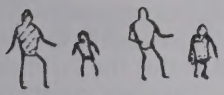
The Evil Spirit made poisonous animals, lizards, and serpents to destroy the animals of the Good Spirit's creation.

The Good Spirit made springs and streams of good, pure water.

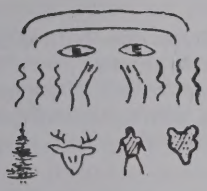
The Evil Spirit breathed poison into many of the springs. He puts snakes into others.

The Good Spirit made beautiful rivers protected by high hills.

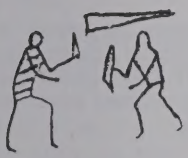
The Evil Spirit pushed rocks and dirt into the rivers causing the current to become swift and dangerous. Everything that the Good Spirit made, his wicked brother tried to destroy.



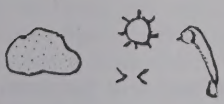
Finally, when the earth was completed, the Good Spirit fashioned man out of some red clay. He placed man upon the earth, and told him how he should live. The Evil Spirit, not to be outdone, fashioned a creature out of the white foam of the sea. What he made was the monkey.



After mankind and the other creatures of the world were created, the Good Spirit bestowed a protecting spirit upon each of his creations.

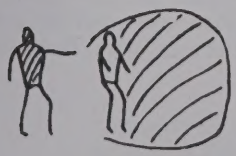


He then called the Evil Spirit, and told him that he must cease making trouble upon the earth. This the Evil Spirit refused to do. The Good Spirit became very angry with his wicked brother. He challenged his brother to combat, the victor to become ruler of the earth. They used the thorns of a giant apple tree as weapons.



They fought for many suns. *(days).*

Finally, the Evil Spirit was overcome.



The Good Spirit now became ruler over the earth. He banished his wicked brother to a dark cave under the earth. There he must always remain.

But the Evil Spirit has wicked servants who roam the earth. These wicked spirits can take the shape of any creature that the Evil Spirit desires them to take. They are constantly influencing the minds of men, thus causing men to do evil things.

That is why every person has both a bad heart and a good heart. No matter how good a man seems, he has some evil. No matter how bad a man seems, there is some good about him. No man is perfect.

The Good Spirit continues to create and protect mankind. He controls the spirits of good men after death. The Evil Spirit takes charge of the souls of wicked men after death.

[The purpose of this legend, as was told by the old Iroquois, was to point out to the listener that there is something good in the worst of us, and something evil in the best of us — no person is perfect. No man has the right to judge another — that right is for the Great Spirit alone.]

The Rabbit Dance

In a wild section of the Adirondack Mountains, there camped a hunting party of Mohawks. During the Leaf-Falling Moon *(around October)* many of the Mohawks left their main villages along the Mohawk River, and traveled north to the mountains where the hunting was good. There, in the heavily-forested mountain valleys, the hunters would store up deer meat and deer skins for winter use. When a goodly supply had been gathered, the people followed the hunting trails south to the main Mohawk settlements. Some of the hunters usually remained in the mountains during the winter months because of the good trapping of fur-bearing animals in that region. Beaver skins were valuable for trade even before the white man came with his guns and fire-water to exchange for them.

In this particular hunting camp lived two little boys. One was called Onowara *(the Turtle)* and the other was nicknamed Oweya *(the Wing)*.

Early one morning while the hunters were making preparations for a deer drive, the Turtle and the Wing set out on a little exploring trip of their own. In their hands, they carried their little bows. A quiver of arrows was strapped across each of their backs. The little boys walked on and on through the forest. They walked silently and were very careful not to make any noise, for their eyes were on the lookout for game. Perhaps they could surprise a chipmunk or a squirrel. After walking quite a distance from camp, they came to a little clearing in the Pines. As they approached this clearing, they noticed little trails or paths running into it. These, they knew, were rabbit runways so they tightened their grip on their bows and were more on the alert for game. The boys walked to the center of the clearing and looked around for Rabbits.

Suddenly, there was a loud thumping sound. It seemed to come from the ground. Looking ahead, the boys, to their amazement, saw a huge brown rabbit. The huge creature was as large as the boys. It stood for a few moments looking at the little Mohawks. Turtle and Wing forgot all about hunting rabbits — never before had they seen such a huge rabbit. At first, they were frightened, but as the Rabbit made no move to harm them, their fears left them.

* the correct pronunciation of the Adirondacks, in Mohawk, is Ah-dee-LOON-dacks.

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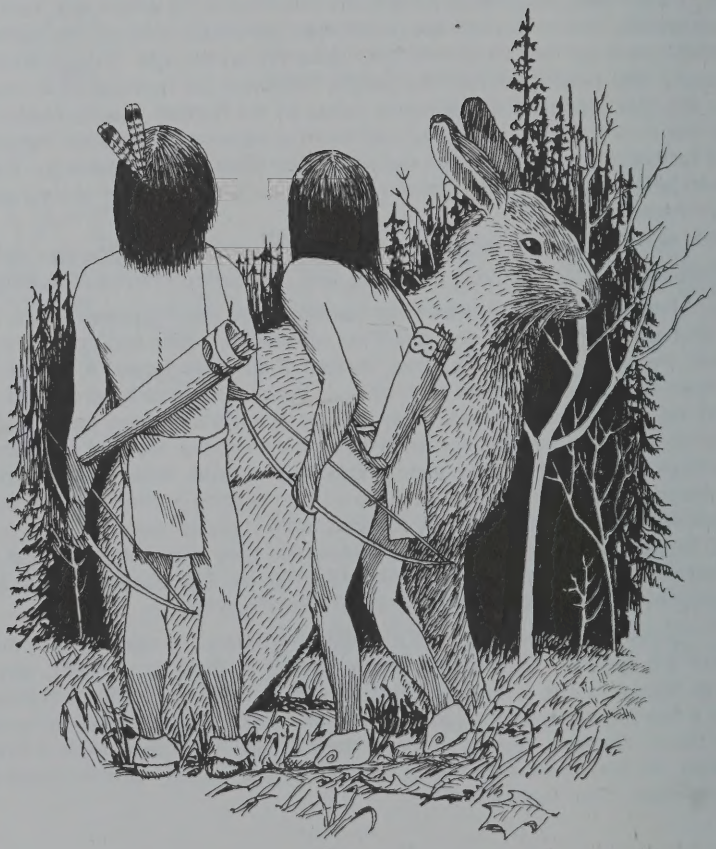


After looking the boys over, the Rabbit again thumped the ground with his hind legs. Immediately, a long line of Rabbits appeared, running rapidly down one of the runways. Quickly they approached the clearing, where to the surprise of the two boys, they performed all sorts of queer antics. There seemed to be hundreds of Rabbits. There was an endless line of Rabbits running, hopping, skipping, and chasing each other down the narrow rabbit path and into the clearing. They seemed to be everywhere and all were very frolicsome as they hopped and skipped about. Sometimes they seemed to be playing the game, "Follow the Leader".

They ran here and there, several in a line, all following one Rabbit. Occasionally, they ran in circles, hopping and kicking as they went. Meanwhile, the large chief Rabbit remained near the boys. He watched his lively People, but in no way did he take part in the rabbit games except to stand guard.

As the boys watched the Rabbits skip and hop around them, they forgot their fear of the big chief Rabbit. Boylike, they wanted to play tag with the Rabbits. Turtle made a grab for one of the Rabbits, and when he missed him, set out in pursuit. Wing also forgot the big chief Rabbit and joined the chase.

Without warning, a loud thump! Thump! THUMP! was heard. The big chief Rabbit was warning his People. Immediately every Rabbit stopped still in his tracks! They seemed to be frozen to the ground, so motionless did they become. The now startled boys ceased their running and gazed in fright at the big Rabbit. The chief Rabbit gave two more thumps. Immediately, the other Rabbits jumped into action! Following each other in single file, they left the clearing and disappeared up the runway from where they had come.

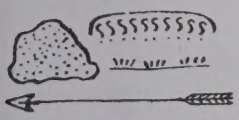
The big chief Rabbit waited until the last Rabbit had left the clearing. Then giving a final thump, he too hopped up the rabbit trail and was soon lost to view.

The two boys were very surprised at what they had seen. Quickly, they returned to the hunting camp where they told their father what they had seen. Their father laughed and said they were good story tellers. But their wise old Grandfather said that the boys were fortunate to have seen what had happened.

"You saw the Rabbit Dance," said he. "The Rabbits, like the People, have their own trails and their own council ground. They hold councils and move from place to place. They have secret signals which are given by thumps on the ground with their hind legs. Very few people have seen the Rabbit Dance, and those who are so fortunate as to have seen it usually became very good hunters. The big Rabbit that you saw was the big chief Rabbit, and he was watching over his People," and the Old Man wisely shook his head as he went back into the bark house.

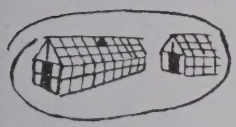
The Gift Of The Great Spirit

The old Iroquois told this story to the young people to teach them to be kind to the aged.

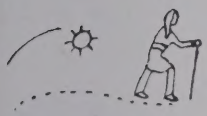


Many Winters and Summers

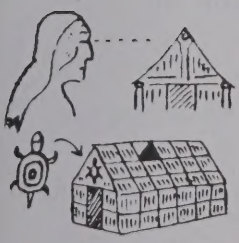
in the past *(arrow going back)*



there was an Iroquois village.



One day, an old man appeared at the edge of this village. The old man wore ragged clothes. He seemed very tired and looked hungry. As he walked through the village, he looked over the door of each house. Over the doors of the bark houses were the emblems of the clans of those who occupied the lodges.



The old man came to a lodge on which was hung a Turtle shell. Turtle Clan members lived in this house.

He pulled the door curtain, and asked for food and a night's lodging.

He was refused by the woman of the house. He was told to move on.

Going on his way, he soon came to a house with a snipe skin over the door

When he asked for food

he was again told to move on.

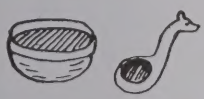
Thus he traveled to houses belonging to the Wolf, Beaver, Deer.

Eel, Heron, and Eagle Clans.

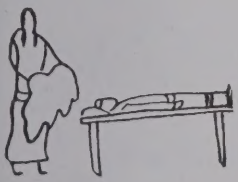
At each house he was treated with scorn, and told to move on.

At length, tired and weary, the old man came to the edge of the village. He saw a little bark house. Hanging over the door of this house was a carved bear's head. It was a house of the Bear Clan.

An old woman came out of the house. When she saw how tired the stranger looked, she asked him to enter her lodge, that he was welcome to what little she had.



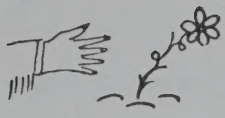
She gave him food to eat.



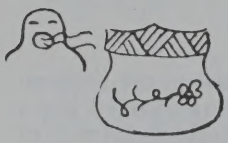
She spread soft deer skins and asked him to rest his tired body.

The next day, the man sickened and came down with a fever.

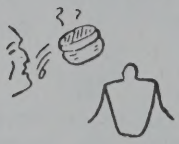
He told the woman to go into the forest and . . .



gather a certain kind of plant.

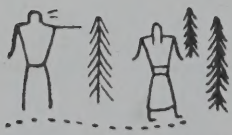


He instructed her how to prepare the plant and to make a certain kind of medicine.

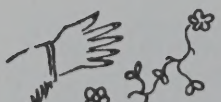


After taking the medicine, the old man recovered.

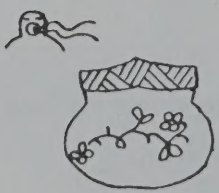
The old man became ill on many different days. Each time that he was ill, it was from a different kind of sickness.



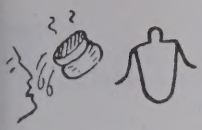
With each illness, he sent the old woman into the forest



to gather different kinds of herbs.



Each time that the old woman returned with the herbs, the old man gave her instructions on how to prepare and make a medicine of the herb for each kind of sickness that he had.



When he drank the medicine, he recovered.

One day, the old woman was about to enter her home when she saw a great light shining in her lodge.

Upon looking up, she saw a handsome young man standing at the entrance of her bark house. His face shone like the sun.

Her heart was filled with fear. She was frightened. She thought that a spirit stood before her.

The young man said, "Fear not, good woman. I am the Creator.

"I came to the lodges of the Iroquois in the form of an old man.

"I wandered from house to house asking for food and shelter.

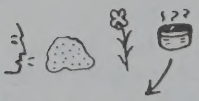
"I asked for food and shelter of the Turtle Clan, Snipe Clan, Wolf Clan,

"Beaver Clan, Deer Clan, Eel Clan, Heron Clan

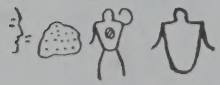
"and Eagle Clan. Each time I was refused food and shelter and told to move on.

"Only you, of the Bear Clan, sheltered and fed me.

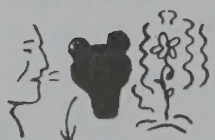
"For that reason, I have taught you cures for all of the sickness known to the Real People. Many times I became ill.



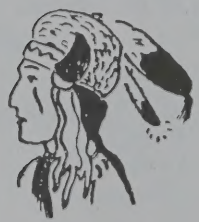
"Many times, I sent you into the forest to gather herbs. I told you how to make medicine from the herbs.



"When I took of this medicine, I recovered from my illnesses.

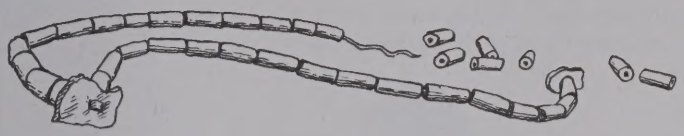


"From this day on, the Medicine Men and Women will always belong to the Bear Clan.



"They, Bear Clan members, will be the Keepers of the Medicine for all time to come."

The Wampum Bird



Long ago, a war party of Mohawks captured a young man of the Wampanoag Nation. For some years, the Mohawks had been at war with these people. The captive boy was allowed to live, and was given permission to move freely about the Mohawk Village. He was closely watched so that he might not escape back to the Wampanoag Country.

One day, a young Mohawk hunter came running into the village. He was filled with excitement, for he had seen a strange bird in the forest. This bird was covered with wampum beads. Immediately, a hunting party was organized, and the hunters set out to try and capture this wonderful bird. The bird was as the hunter had described it – covered with white and purple feathers. As soon as the chief saw the bird, he offered his beautiful daughter to anyone who could get the bird, dead or alive. All of the hunters tried to hit the bird with their arrows. They filled the air with their arrows. Occasionally, the bird was hit by an arrow, and off would fly a shower of wampum. New wampum appeared on the bird to take the place of the fallen wampum. Finally, after trying to hit the bird for some time, the best hunters began to get discouraged, and one by one, they gave up trying to get the bird.

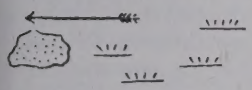
The young Wampanoag captive, from the unfriendly nation, asked the chief if he could try his luck. The Mohawk warriors did not want this to happen, and even threatened the boy's life. The chief interfered, and told the boy that he could try. "If warriors have tried and failed, surely a mere boy cannot bring down the bird," said the chief.

The warriors finally agreed, and the boy lifted his bow and fitted an arrow. The swift arrow pierced the heart of the bird, and it fell to the earth. Its wampum plumage enriched the people. The boy married the Chief's daughter, and with the marriage came peace between the two nations. The boy said, "Wampum shall bring and bind peace and it shall take the place of blood."

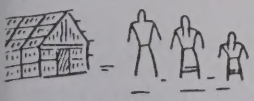
(Wampum are small beads made from quahog clam shells. The beads are strung into belts with designs to commemorate special events or treaties.)

THUNDER BOY

This legend happened long ago on an island in the St. Lawrence River. The island is called by the Akwesasne Mohawks, Tekatarenre,* and lies opposite the point where the St. Regis River meets the St. Lawrence River at Akwesasne.

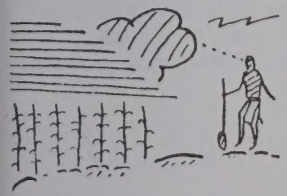


The story happened many summers in the past *(arrow going back)*

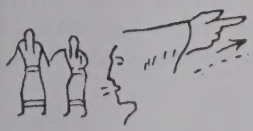


Long ago, a man, his wife, and his daughter lived alone on this island.

They had a garden where they raised corn, beans, and squashes. One day, as the three were working in their garden, the sky became very dark.



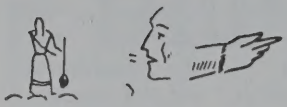
Glancing up at the dark clouds,



the father said that they had better run quickly

to their house or they would be caught in the rain.

*day-kaht-dah-LEHN-lay



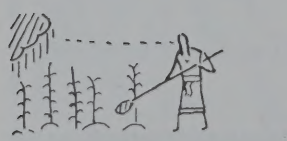
The mother shouted to her daughter, who was working at the other end of the field, telling her to cease her work and run for the house.

The man and his wife then quickly ran for the house. Before they were half way there, the storm had reached them. Heavy bursts of rain fell all about them. Flashes of lightning lit up the sky, and thunder roared above them.

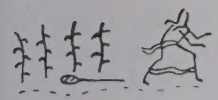
Inside the house, the man and his wife waited for their daughter. They supposed she was following them. "Probably when the storm overtook her, she sought shelter in the forest," said mother. In vain, the parents waited for their daughter.

After the storm, the parents returned to the field. They searched the island, but they could find no trace of the daughter. They called to the girl, but they received no answer.

Sadly, they returned to their house. "The Thunder People have taken her away," said the mother, and she wept bitter tears.



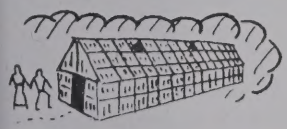
The young daughter had been busy working in the garden when the storm was approaching.



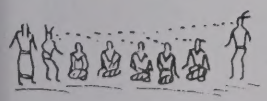
When she saw the fast thickening clouds and heard her parents calling her to the cabin, she had dropped her hoe and started to follow them.

Suddenly, she was entirely surrounded by what seemed to be a heavy mist. Her head felt strangely dizzy, and before she knew what was happening, she felt herself being lifted up into the sky. In a dazed condition, she was carried swiftly above the earth.

After a while, the girl found herself in a strange land. Never before had she seen anything like it. He who carried her was a little man.



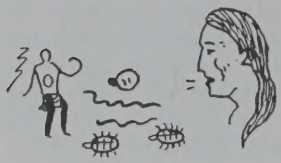
He led her through this country until they came to a long council house.



Upon entering this house, the girl saw many other strange little men all of whom stared at her. At one end of the house stood a man who seemed to be the chief of these little people.

This little chief seemed very angry when he saw the girl and her escort. "My son," said he, "why did you bring this earth person to our country?"

The son answered, "Father, I saw her working in the field, and I fell in love with her. I wanted her, so I took her away."



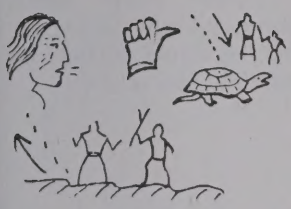
The chief said, "You should have left her upon the earth. Her ways are not our ways. She cannot eat snails, bugs, and worms, which is the kind of food that we live on."

Again, he spoke. "If you insist upon keeping her here, you yourself must return to earth and secure earth food for her. The ways of Ratiweras,* the Thunder People, are different from the ways of the Earth People."

The son agreed to do this. Every day he would travel to earth to secure food for his wife.

For one year, this earth girl lived in the country of the Thunder People. Her husband granted her every wish, and she became very happy. Though she sometimes thought of her parents, she did not become lonesome.

* (lah-dee-WAY-lahs)

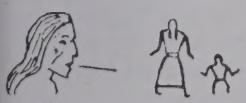


One day, the chief of the Thunder People said, "My daughter, you are soon to give birth to a son. It would not do to have the child born in this land. You must return to your old home on the island, Tekatarenre. But there is one thing I want to warn you about. After your boy is born, guard him carefully. You must warn everyone who goes near the boy never to strike him. If anyone strikes the boy, you will lose him."

Suddenly, without warning, the girl was again surrounded by the heavy mist. Her mind became dazed. Once again, she found herself traveling at a great speed through space.

After what seemed a little while, she opened her eyes and to her surprise, found herself in front of her mother's cabin back at the island.

The parents of the girl were happy to see her. They had long given her up for lost. The girl told her strange story and said that soon she was to give birth to a son.

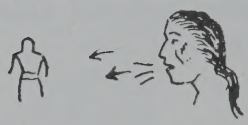


What the Thunder Chief had said came true — in time, a little son was born to the girl.

This boy was smaller than an earth child, and in many ways, his habits differed from the habits of an ordinary boy.

Whenever a thunder storm would approach the island, the boy would become very excited. He would run out into the storm and laugh and play about.

At such times, the Thunder would seem to roar more often. Great flashes of Lightning would light the skies.

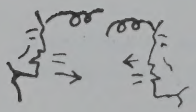


The old Grandmother did not like to have the boy run out into the storm.

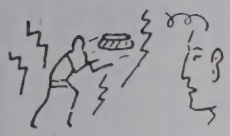
Whenever a Storm approached, she would try to shut the child up in the cabin, but the boy always managed to escape in spite of all she could do.

One day, at the approach of a Storm, the old Grandmother locked the boy in the cabin.

She scolded him, and forebade him to go out into the Storm. The boy became very angry. He ran about the cabin, throwing to the floor everything he could get his hands on. He was in a terrible temper.

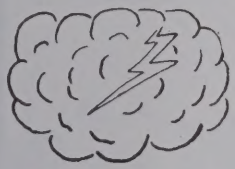


The Grandmother told him to cease his mischief and to sit down, but the boy only stamped around more.



When the boy became angry, faint sounds as of distant thunder seemed to come from his body. The more angry he became, the louder the thunder sounded. His Grandmother told him to cease his noise. In his rage, he continued to wreck everything he could get his hands on.

The old woman lost her temper. Taking up a stick, she gave the boy a sharp blow across his legs.



Instantly, there was a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a loud roar of thunder. The room became filled with a heavy mist.

Trembling with fear, the old woman huddled in a corner of the cabin. When the mist cleared, the boy had vanished.

Far away, she could hear a rumble of thunder sounding fainter and fainter in the distance.

When the boy's mother returned to the cabin, she said, "You have struck my son. His father has taken him to live with him in the land of the Thunder People. We will never see him again."

Because the Thunder Boy is half-Indian, the Thunder People are friends of the Indian and do not bother them. In the early spring, at the coming of the first Thunder, it is said to please the Thunder People if you throw Real Tobacco on the fire.

50

The Hermit Thrush

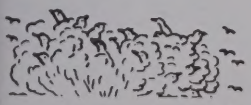
Long ago, the Birds had no songs. Only Man could sing, and every morning, Man would greet the rising Sun with a song. The Birds, as they were flying by, would often stop and listen to the beautiful songs of Man. In their hearts they wished that they too could sing. One day, the Good Spirit visited the Earth.

The Good Spirit walked over the earth inspecting the various things he had created. As he walked through the forest, he noticed that there was a great silence. Something seemed to be missing.

As the Good Spirit pondered, the sun sank behind the western hills. From the direction of the river, where there was an Indian village, there sounded the deep rich tones of an Indian drum, followed by the sacred chanting of the sunset song. The Good Spirit listened. The song was pleasing to the ears of the Good Spirit.

The Good Spirit looked around. He noticed that the Birds were also listening to the singing. "That is what is missing!" said the Good Spirit. "Birds should also have songs."

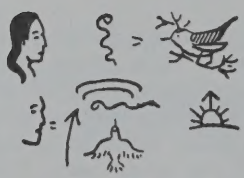
The next day, the Good Spirit called all of the Birds to a great council. From near and far they came. The sky was filled with flying birds.



The trees and bushes bent to the earth under the weight of so many.

On the great Council Rock sat the Good Spirit. He waited until all of the Birds had perched and had become quiet.

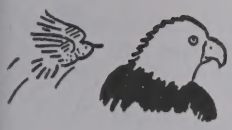
The Good Spirit spoke. He asked the Birds if they would like to have songs, songs such as the People sang.



With one accord, the Birds all chirped, "Yes! Yes!"

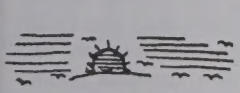
"Very well," said the Good Spirit. "Tomorrow when the Sun rises in the East, you are all to fly up in the Sky. You are to fly as high as you can. When you can fly no higher, you will find your song. That Bird who flies the highest will have the most beautiful song of all of the Birds." Saying these words, the Good Spirit vanished.

Next morning, long before sunrise, the Birds were ready. There were Birds everywhere. The Earth was covered with them. There was great excitement. However, one little Bird was very unhappy. He was the little brown Thrush. Perched beside him was the great Eagle. As the little Bird gazed at the Eagle, he thought, "What chance have I to compete with this great Bird? I am so little and Eagle is so large. I will never be able to fly as high as he."



As he was thus thinking, an idea entered his mind. "Eagle is so excited that he will not notice me." With this thought in mind, the brown bird flew like a flash to the Eagle's head, and quickly hid under his feathers. The great Eagle was so excited that he did not notice the little Thrush. "With my great wings, I will surely win," said he.

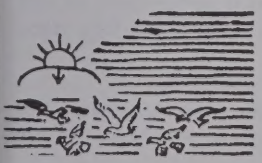
The Sun finally looked over the eastern hill. With a great roar of wings, the many birds took off.



The air was so full of flying Birds that for a time, the sky was dark. Their bodies covered the face of the Sun.

For a long time, the birds flew upward. Finally, the smaller, weaker birds began to tire. The little Hummingbird was the first to give up. His little wings beat the air so hard that to this day one can, if one listens, hear his humming wings. His little squeaking call says, "Wait, wait for me," a very plain song.

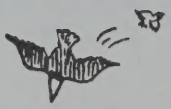
The fat Cowbird was the next to give up. As he floated down, he listened and heard his song, a very common song. Other birds weakened and while flying eastward, listened and learned their songs.



At last, the Sun was at the end of the Earth. The Night Sky began to darken the Earth. By this time, there were only a few Birds left. They were the larger, strong-winged Birds: the Eagle, Hawk, Owl, Buzzard, and Loon. All night, the Birds flew up, ever up.

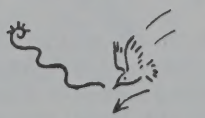
When the Sun rose next morning, only the Eagle, chief of all Birds, was left. He was still going strong.

When the Sun was halfway in the Sky, Eagle began to tire. Finally, with a look of triumph, for there were no other birds in sight, the tired Eagle began to soar earthward. The little Thrush, riding under the feathers of the great Eagle, had been asleep all of this time. When the Eagle started back to Earth, little Thrush awoke. He hopped off the Eagle's head and began to fly upward. Eagle saw him go and glared with anger at him, but was powerless to stop him as he was completely exhausted.

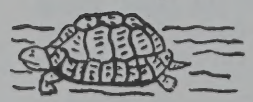


The little Thrush flew up and up. He soon came to a hole in the Sky. He found himself in a beautiful country, the Land of Happy Spirits. As he entered the Spirit World, he heard a beautiful song.

He stayed in heaven for a while learning this song.



When he had learned it completely, he left the Land of Happy Spirits and flew back toward Earth.



Thrush could hardly wait to reach the earth. He was anxious to show off his beautiful song.

As Thrush neared the Earth, he glanced down at the Council Rock. There sat all of the Birds, and on the Council Rock, glaring up at him was Akweks, the Eagle. All of the Birds were very silent as they waited for Thrush to light on the council ground.

Suddenly, the feeling of glory left the little Thrush, and he felt ashamed. He knew that he had cheated to get his beautiful song. He also feared Akweks, who might get even with him for stealing a free ride. He flew in silence to the deep woods, and in shame, with dragging heart, hid under the branches of the largest Tree. He was so ashamed that he wanted no one to see him.

There you will find him today. Never does the Hermit Thrush come out into the open. He is still ashamed because he cheated. Sometimes, however, he cannot restrain himself and he must sing his beautiful song. When he does this, the other Birds cease their singing. Well they know that the song of the Hermit Thrush, the song from Spirit World, will make their songs very weak. That is why Hermit Thrush is so shy. That is why his song is the most beautiful song of all the Birds. That is why this Spirit Song causes the Sun to shine in the hearts of the People who hear it as they go into the dark forest.

[The Old Six Nations People told this to their children to teach them to be honest, and that it does not pay to cheat.]

56

The Discovery Of Fire — A Tradition

As in the olden times, it is the Mohawk way that when a boy reaches the age of 14 winters *(years)*, it is customary for him to make a journey, accompanied by his father, to some sacred place back up in the mountains. There, after receiving instructions from his father, the youth remains alone for at least four days. During these four or more days, the Mohawk boy performs a ceremony known as the Dream Fast.

This Dream Fast is very important to Mohawk youths. To be successful in the Dream Fast means that the youth is no longer a youth, but a man. During the fast, the Clan Spirit of the young Mohawk appears to him in a dream, and reveals to him the bird, animal or plant that is to be the Mohawk's guardian throughout his life. After the fast, he must secure something from the creature of his dream, and must wear it in his medicine bag.

The Mohawks have three clans, which are the Bear Clan, Turtle Clan, and Wolf Clan. Should the dreamer belong to the Turtle Clan, the Spirit of the Turtle appears to him in a dream, and shows him his future guardian. If the clan spirit does not appear to him during the fast, his father, who visits him daily, releases him, and he departs home, a failure. He does not have two chances. The dreamer can leave his fasting place after sunset for brief periods. He can drink water to quench his thirst. He is not allowed to eat any food.

Otsiera* belonged to the Bear Clan, and was the son of a famous leader. He had many honors to his credit. No youth of the Mohawks was fleeter on foot than he. He led in the games, and was one of the best lacrosse players of his nation. He could shoot his arrow farther and straighter than any of his friends. He knew the forests and streams, and would always return from the hunt loaded down with deer meat, which he always divided with the needs of his people. He could imitate the calls of the Birds. They would come when he called, and would sit on his shoulders. He was the pride of his people.

The time for the Dream Fast of Otsiera had come. It was the Moon of Strawberries. Otsiera was eager to try the test of strength and endurance. High upon the mountain, on a huge ledge of rock, he built his lodge of young saplings. He covered it with the branches of the balsam to shelter it from the rains. He removed all of his clothing save his breech-cloth and moccasins. Appealing to his clan spirit, he entered the crude shelter.

Four suns had passed, and yet the young warrior had not been visited by the clan spirit. The fifth sun had dawned when his father appeared. He shook the lodge poles and called for Otsiera to come forth.

Otsiera, in a low and weak voice, begged his father to give him one more day. His father left, telling Otsiera that on the morrow he must return to his village.

That night, Otsiera looked down from his lodge on the mountain. In the distance, he heard low rumblings of thunder. As he listened, the thunder became louder and louder. Bright flashes of lightning lit up the heavens.

* (oh-gee-A-rah)

"Great Thunder Man, Ratiweras*, prayed the youth, "Send my Clan Spirit to help me." He had no sooner spoken than a blinding flash of lightning lit the sky and a rumble of thunder shook the mountain top. Otsiera looked and beheld his Clan Spirit. A huge bear stood beside him in his lodge.

Suddenly, the Bear spoke: "This night, Otsiera, you shall have a power that will not only aid you, but will also aid all of the Onkwehonwe,* the Real People."

There was a blinding flash of Lightning and Otsiera awoke from his vision. He rubbed his eyes and looked for the Clan Spirit. The Bear was gone. The youth wondered what his guardian helper would be. He looked out from his lodge. The storm had not yet left the mountain. Suddenly, he heard a strange sound outside the lodge! It was a dreadful screeching sound such as he had never heard before. He wondered what kind of animal or bird made such a dreadful noise.

The sound ceased. Then, almost over his head, he saw the cause of the sound. The wind was causing two balsam trees to rub their branches against each other. As the wood rubbed, the friction caused the strange screeching sound. As Otsiera watched, he saw a strange thing happen. The strong wind, rushing up the mountain, caused the trees to bend and sway more rapidly. Where the two trees rubbed against each other, a thin string of smoke appeared. As the boy watched, the wood burst into flame.

Otsiera was at first frightened. He started to run. None of his people had ever seen fire so near, and it was feared. The boy remembered his Clan Spirit. "This must be what the Great Bear meant," thought the boy.

That day, Otsiera took two pieces of dry balsam wood. He rubbed the wood together as he had seen the storm do the night before. He soon tired and was about to throw the wood away when he noticed a thin thread of smoke coming from the wood. He rubbed harder and soon a tiny spark appeared. By using some dry cedar bark and grass, he soon had a fire.

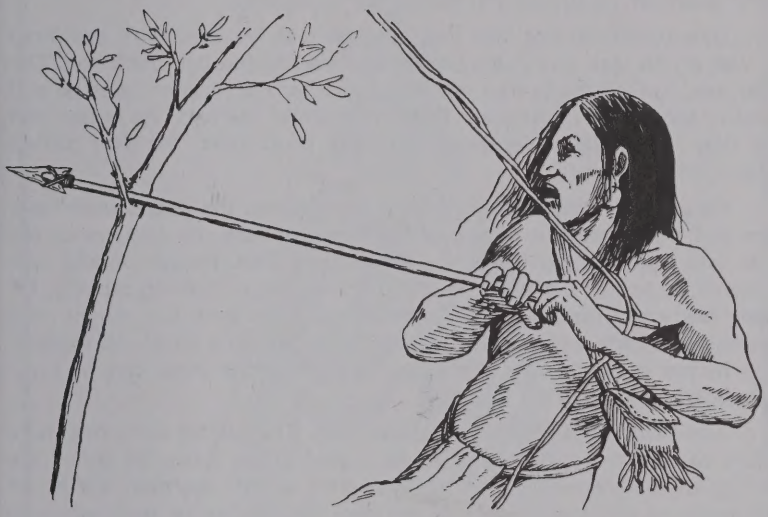
When his father and two chiefs came that noon, they found a happy Otsiera. He had a very powerful Helper, a strong Medicine, which afterwards was to help all of his people.

That was how Fire came to the Onkwehonwe, the Real People, of long ago.

*Rah-dee-WAY-rahs

*Oon-gway-HOON-way

The Invention Of The Bow And Arrow - A Tradition



Long ago, the Onkwehonwe, the Natural People, did not have the bow and arrow for a weapon. At that time, the spear was the common weapon used in the hunt.

One day, a young hunter whose name was Okwironto* left his village in search of a Bear. His only weapon was a long spear, tipped with flint. Okwironto walked a long way. He saw no signs of Bear. After a while, the thought came to him that perhaps he would find a Bear in a thickly-forested glen that was not far away. In this particular place, there were wild Grape vines. It was at the time of the Moon of Falling Leaves *(around October)*. The Grapes would be ripe, and the Bear would no doubt be eating them.

Okwironto was not wrong in his guess. As he entered the thickest part of the glen, he caught sight of a huge black figure. It was Okwari, the Bear, and he was busy eating wild Grapes. From time to time, he would grunt little squeals of pleasure as he gulped the wild Grapes down. The young hunter crept very close. He was almost within reach of the bear. Quietly, he raised the spear for the death stroke. Then something happened.

As Okwironto was about to throw the spear, his foot slipped on a rock, and he fell sprawling to the ground, almost under the Bear's claws.

* (oh-gwi-LOON-doe)

With a startled grunt, the hunter looked up. He still held the spear, but now he was in no position to throw it. Okwari, the Bear, ordinarily would have run away from a human hunter, but the sudden appearance of the young man startled him, and instead of running away as most black Bears do, he turned and started for the hunter.

Okwironto did not take long in getting to his feet. With one jump he was on his feet, and in a moment was heading through the forest. The Bear, seeing that the hunter was running from him, gained courage and quickly took after Okwironto. For a little while, the two, the hunter and the Bear, kept the same speed, but in a short time, the Bear gained rapidly on the hunter.

Okwironto knew that in a very little while, the Bear would have him and that probably he would be torn to pieces. He thought of his wife and son waiting home for his return. This thought made him determined to kill the Bear, or die in the attempt. Turning quickly, he made ready to throw his spear, but the end of the spear had caught on a twisted grapevine which was clinging to the top of a small ash sapling. The hunter tried to pull the spear free from the vine, but he only succeeded in bending the sapling.

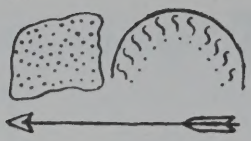
The Bear was almost upon Okwironto. The hunter made one more effort to pull the spear loose. As he tugged at the spear, he pulled the sapling to the ground. He did not wait long. With a startled yell, he let the spear go and turned to run. He had not run many steps when he noticed that the Bear was not following him. He looked back. The Bear was on the ground with the spear stuck through his neck. The blood was rapidly reddening the leaves as Okwari gave a few final kicks before death came.

The surprised hunter went back to see what had happened. The spear which had caught on the vine had caused the sapling to bend, thus forming a bow. The vine had been the bow string. When the hunter had pulled the spear, he had caused the sapling to bend. When he dropped the spear, the sapling had sprung upright again. The force of this spring had whipped the vine straight, and at the same time, threw the spear into Okwari's neck.

The hunter again took the spear and put the end of it on the vine. Pulling the vine back, he bent the sapling. When the sapling had bent almost to the ground, he released the spear. It shot through the air — thus the bow was invented.

In time, the Onkwehonwe, the Natural People, made smaller bows out of smaller saplings. Instead of a grapevine bow string, they used one of rawhide. Instead of a heavy spear, they used an arrow, tipped with flint, and winged with feathers. The bow became a priceless weapon for the Onkwehonwe.

The Great Gift, Tobacco



Many Winters

ago (*arrow going back*)

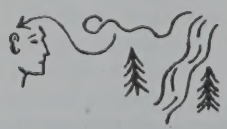
a band of Iroquois, People of the Long-house,

were camped in

a village on the Ohio River

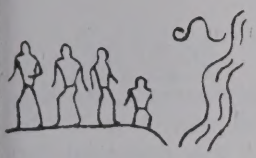
One day

as the people of the village were going about their regular work,

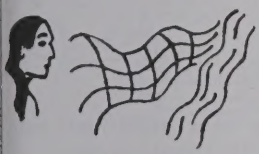


a strange sound was heard coming from the river.

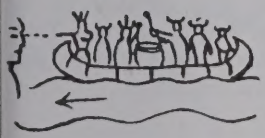
The people forgot their activities and rushed to the river bank to see where the strange sound was coming from.



They stood looking at each other and listening to the weird sound. The noise sometimes sounded like the howl of a strange animal, and then again, it resembled the chant of singing people.

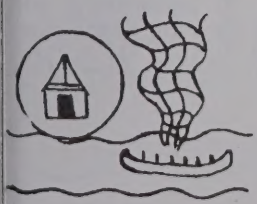


As the people stood listening to the peculiar music, a loud voice was heard coming from up the river.



As they looked toward the sound of the voice, they saw floating toward them a large canoe filled with strange beings. These peculiar people were beating a large kettle drum which was in the center of the canoe. They were chanting a strange song.

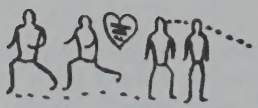
By their peculiar dress, the singers appeared to be medicine men.



As the canoe floated toward the village,

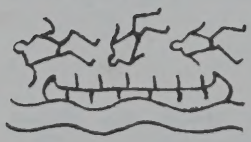
the loud voice was again heard coming from the canoe.

It told the inhabitants of the village to go back to their homes, and to remain indoors. It said that if they disobeyed, bad luck would come to them.

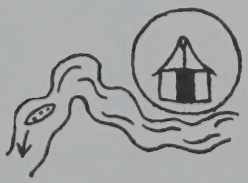


The people became very frightened, and most of them rushed for their houses.

There were some who refused to be frightened by the strange beings. They stood upon the bank of the river and watched the approaching canoe.

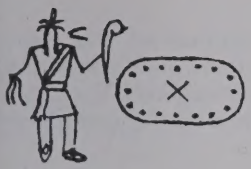


As the canoe floated by them, those men who had remained on the river bank fell dead.

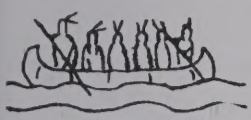


The canoe with the strange singing men continued floating on downstream, and disappeared around the bend of the river.

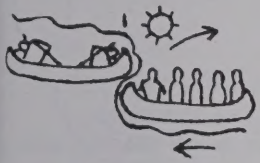
The next day



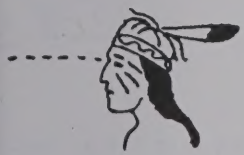
one of the relatives of the dead men organized a war party.



In their canoe, they paddled down the river in search of the strange canoe. They were seeking revenge for the death of their relatives.



After traveling for a day, they came upon the canoe floating in a sheltered bay. In each end of the canoe, fast asleep, was one of the strange beings.



As the warriors looked at the peculiar beings

the voice was again heard coming from the canoe. The loud voice said that if these strange beings were destroyed, a great blessing would come to the People of the Longhouse.

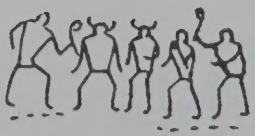
After the strange voice had ceased speaking, the warriors hid in the forests bordering the stream.

A single warrior approached the river. Taking a stone, he threw it at one of the beings who awoke with a shout. The single warrior stuck out his tongue at the strange creatures.

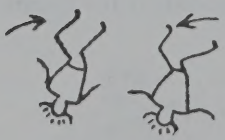
He pretended to be frightened, and ran from them.

Seeing this, the two beings beached their canoe and took after the fleeing man.

The warrior led them to a nearby bark house, and after he had decoyed them into it, he gave his war cry. With his war club, he faced his two pursuers.

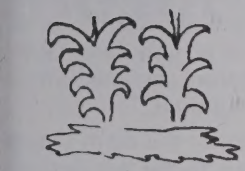


At the sound of their comrade's war cry, the other warriors immediately came to his aid. They surrounded the two strange beings.

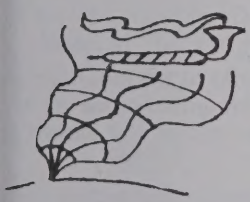


In a short time, the two beings were killed.

Gathering a great pile of brush and placing the two dead creatures upon it, the warriors set fire to the brush. Soon the two bodies were ashes.



From the ashes of the dead bodies rose a strange plant. It was the tobacco plant.



The strange voice was heard coming from the Earth. It instructed the warriors how to prepare the plant and how to use it. It was a great gift to the People of the Longhouse.

Sagoianawasai,* Our Grandfather

After Satkonseriio,* the Good Spirit, had created the creatures of the earth, he decided to inspect his work. As he walked over the earth, he saw a stranger who was a giant with a very large ugly face. Good Spirit asked the strange being who he was. The creature answered with a roaring voice, "I am master of the earth and all things on it."

"If you are master of the earth, then the things of this earth should obey you. Let me see you show your power. Prove to me that you are what you claim to be," said Satkonseriio.

The monster said, "What shall be our test?" Good Spirit pointed to a distant mountain. "Can you bring that mountain to you?" he asked.

Good Spirit and the stranger turned their backs to the mountain so that they would not see it until it was near. "Mountain come here!" roared the stranger. After waiting a moment, they turned and looked at the mountain. It had not moved.

"Now it is my turn," said Good Spirit. Again they turned their backs to the mountain. Good Spirit said, "Mountain, come here!" There was a roaring sound as if of a strong wind. Before the roaring sound had died away, the creature turned to look. As he did so, the onrushing mountain brushed his face. It bent his nose and twisted his mouth, and it has remained so to this very day.

The creature then said, "I now know you to be master. Command me and your wishes shall be my law."

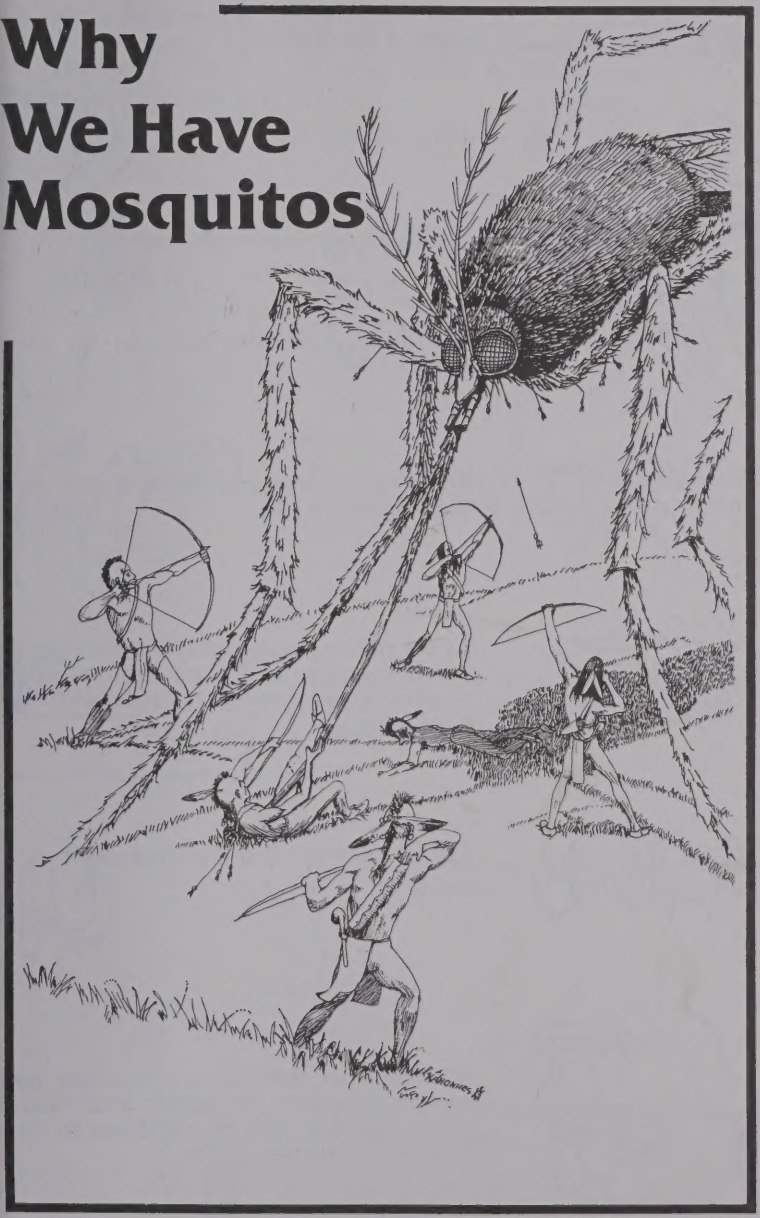
Good Spirit said, "Because you love to wander about, it shall be your duty to travel over the earth to help mankind whom I am about to create. You will cease your evil ways and henceforth do only good."

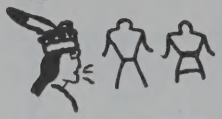
"I will do this thing you command," said the creature who was Sagoianawasai (He Defends). "Mankind must carve a likeness of my face from living basswood trees. They must sing a song that pleases me. My spirit will enter this face. From time to time they must give me tobacco of which I am very fond. If they follow my directions, I will be of great service to them for my spirit and face have the power to drive away evil forces," continued Sagoianawasai.

Such is the story of Sagoianawasai, our Grandfather, He Who Defends Us. This happened long ago when the world was young.

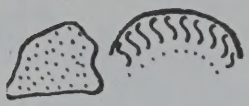
* (Sah-go-yah-nah-WAH-say "eye") 62 * (Sot-goom-say-LEE-yo)

Why We Have Mosquitos





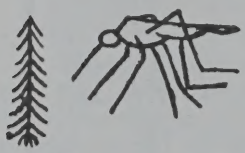
The old Iroquois Indians used to tell this story to the children:



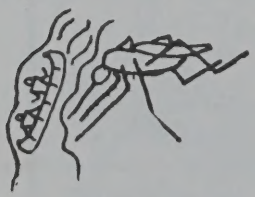
Many winters

in the past *(arrow going backward)*

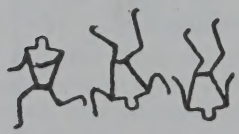
two giant mosquitoes appeared on either side of a river.



These giant creatures were as tall as a good-sized pine tree.

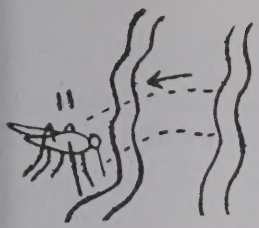


As the Indian people paddled down the river in their canoes, these giant creatures would bend their heads and attack them with their giant beaks.

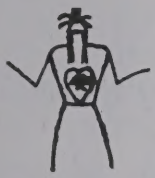


The mosquitoes killed many people

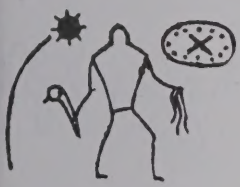
Knowing that these giant mosquitoes were waiting to attack any canoe that floated down the river, the people began to shun this particular stream.



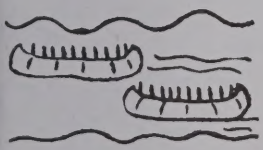
It was then that these giant creatures moved to other streams to seek their prey.



For a while, it was a reign of terror for the Iroquois who were great canoe travelers. They never knew just when these giant mosquitoes would pounce out and devour them.



Finally, one day a war-party was organized to seek out these creatures and to destroy them.

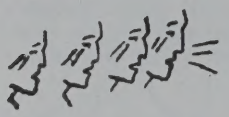


Twenty warriors in two great canoes floated down a river where they expected the mosquitoes to be.

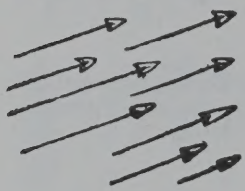
In their hands, ever ready, they held their bows and arrows.

Fastened to their belts were their war-clubs and hunting knives.

Suddenly, two shadows loomed over them and a giant beak pierced one of the canoes.



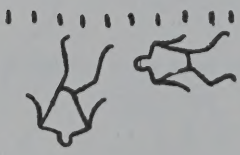
Giving their war cry, the warriors filled the air . . .



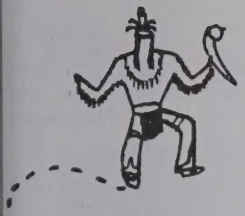
with many arrows.

The battle was terrific!

The giant mosquitoes seemed to be everywhere at the same time.



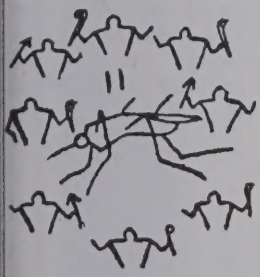
In a little while, half of the warriors had been killed.



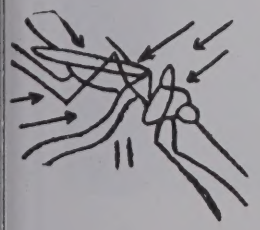
The remaining braves determined to die courageously.

Singing their Death Songs, they attacked the huge creatures on land.

They hid behind the trees and bushes.



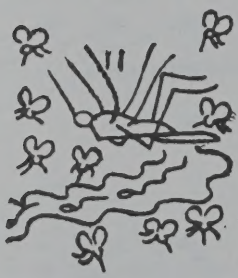
They surrounded the mosquitoes who were unable to get to them because of the thick branches.



The Iroquois buried many of their arrows in the bodies of the two mosquitoes.

Finally, after most of the arrows had been shot and the supply had become low, the two mosquitoes fell to the earth. They were covered with many wounds.

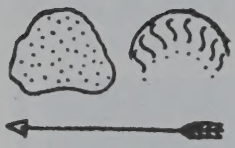
Immediately, the warriors fell upon them with their war-clubs, and with powerful blows, they tore the bodies of the mosquitoes apart.



From the blood of the two giant mosquitoes there sprang many little mosquitoes and the air was soon filled with them. These little mosquitoes, like their grandfathers, are fond of the taste of human blood. They hate man for killing their grandfathers and are continually trying to get revenge upon man for this reason. This is how mosquitoes came to be. The battle between man and the mosquitoes took place upon the Seneca River in New York State.

The Seven Dancers

THE SEVEN DANCERS



Many winters

in the past *(arrow going back)*

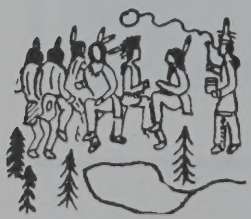
The Mohawk Nation *(People of the Flint)*

were camped

on the Lake Keniatiio* *(Lake Ontario).*

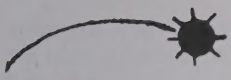
At that time, a group of children, seven in number, formed a secret organization among themselves.

In the night

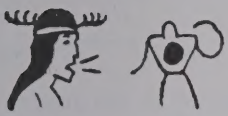


they would gather around their little council fire in the forest near the lake. There they would dance to the beat of their leader's water drum.

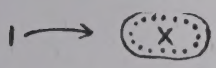
*(kahn-yah-DEE-yo)



One day

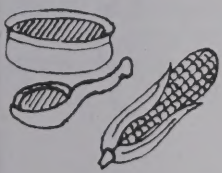


their little chief suggested that they hold a feast.



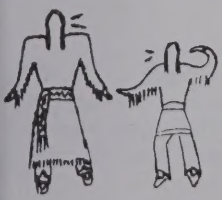
at their next council fire.

Each of the seven boys was to ask his mother for some food to take to the feast.



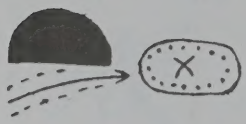
One boy was to ask for corn soup. One was to ask for deer meat. Another was to ask for green corn and so on.

The next day



each boy approached his mother and asked for the desired food. Each of the boys was refused the food. Each mother told her son that he had enough to eat at home, and that there was no need for him to carry away good food to the woods for a feast.

The little warriors were very unhappy because of their failure to secure food for the feast. They had empty hands and gloomy hearts.



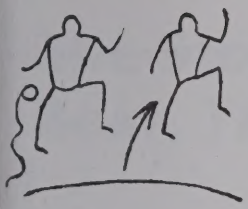
That night, they returned to the dancing ground.

Their little chief said, "Never mind, my warriors. We will show our parents that it is not well to refuse us food. We will dance without our feast."

The little chief told his warriors to dance hard. He told them to look up at the sky while they danced. The chief told them not to look back even though their parents might call for them to return.

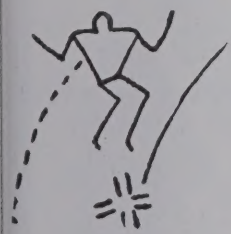
Saying this, he took his water drum and while beating it, he sang a very powerful song, a witch song.

The boys danced and as they danced, their hearts became light. Their feet also became light. They soon forgot their troubles.



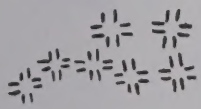
Faster went the song, and soon the boys began to feel themselves dance into the sky.

Their parents saw them dancing above the tree tops, and called for them to return.



One little dancer looked back

and he became a shooting star.



The rest of the dancers became little flickering stars in the skies.

When the Mohawks see the Pleiades flickering and dancing during the cold winter nights, they say:

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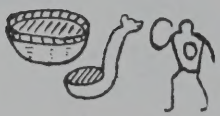
"The little warriors are dancing hard tonight."

Forever they dance

over the villages of the Iroquois. When they dance directly overhead, it is time for



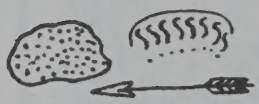
the Iroquois New Year Feast.

This happens during the Moon *(month)* of the New Year, in January or February.

When a meteor falls through the sky, the Old People tell this story to the children.

The Story Of The Monster Bear, The Giant Dipper

This is a story that old Iroquois told to their children during the winter moons *(months).*



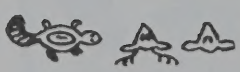
Many *(a heap)* winters *(years)*

in the past *(arrow going backwards)*

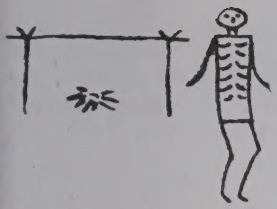
there was a Mohawk village of bark houses along the Oswego River.

One day, Mohawk hunters discovered the tracks of a Giant Bear.

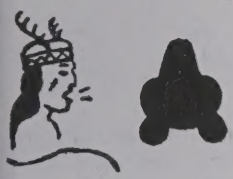
After that, they saw the tracks many times. Sometimes, the tracks would circle the Mohawk village.



The animals began to disappear from the forests, and the Mohawks knew that the Giant Bear was killing and carrying off all the animals.



Because of the scarcity of food, famine came to the Mohawks. The meat racks were empty. The people were hungry. Starvation faced them.



One of the chiefs said, "We must kill this Giant Bear who is causing all of our trouble."

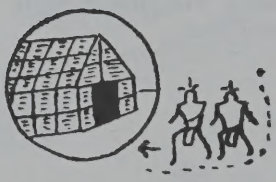
At once, a party of warriors set out in search of the Bear. They soon came upon his tracks in the snow. They followed the Bear tracks for many days.

They finally came upon the huge beast.

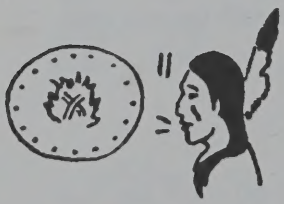
At once, the air was filled with the arrows of the warriors.

To the surprise and dismay of the Mohawks, the arrows failed to pierce the thick hide of the Bear. Many broken arrows fell from his tough skin.

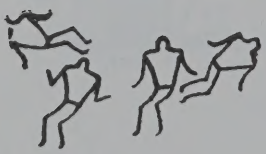
At last, the angry Bear turned and charged the hunters, who fled, but were soon overtaken. Most of them were killed.



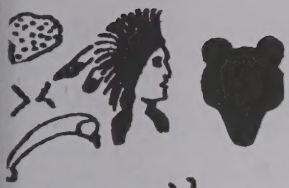
Only two hunters escaped and they returned to the village to tell the sad tale.



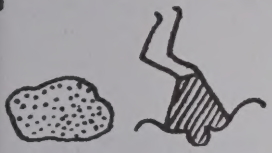
The two hunters told the council of the Great Bear.



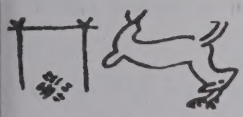
They told what had happened to the war party.



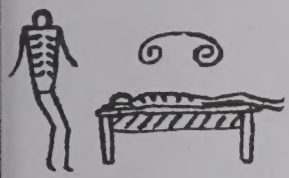
Party after party of warriors set out to destroy the Great Bear, but always they failed. There were many battles fought between the bear and the warriors.



Many warriors were slain.

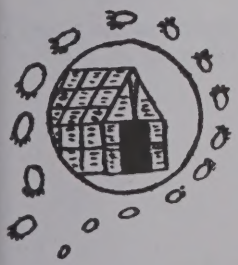


As time went on, more and more deer vanished from the forest. The smoking racks were empty.



The people became very thin because of the lack of food. Starvation caused many to become sick.

The people were filled with fear and their hungry bodies crept close to the fire at night.

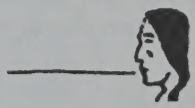


They feared the Great Bear, whose giant tracks circled their town each night.

They feared to leave their village because they could hear, coming from the darkness of the forest, the loud cough of the Great Bear.

One night, three brothers each had a strange dream. On three successive nights, they had the same vision.

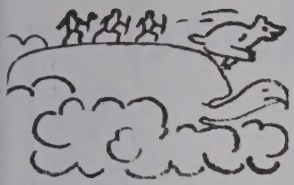
They dreamed that they had tracked and killed the Great Bear.



They said, "The dream must be true."

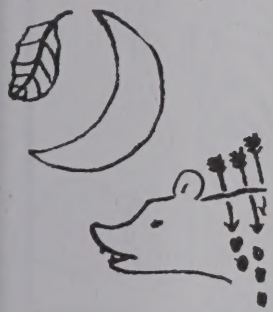
So, getting their weapons and a scanty supply of food, they set out after the bear. In a little while, they came upon the tracks of the great beast. Quickly, they followed the trail, their arrows ready.

For many moons, they followed the tracks of the Bear across the Earth.



The tracks led them to the end of the world. Looking ahead, they saw the giant beast leap from the earth into the heavens. The three hunters soon came to the jumping-off place.

Without hesitation, the three of them followed the Bear into the sky. There in the skies you can see them chasing the Bear during the long winter nights.



In the fall of the year, when the Bear gets ready to sleep for the winter, the three hunters get near enough to shoot their arrows into his body.

His dripping blood caused by the wounds from the arrows turn the autumn leaves red and yellow. But,

he always manages to escape from the hunters. For a time, after being wounded, he is invisible. He afterwards reappears.

When the Iroquois see the Great Dipper in the Sky, they say, "See, the three hunters are still chasing the Great Bear."

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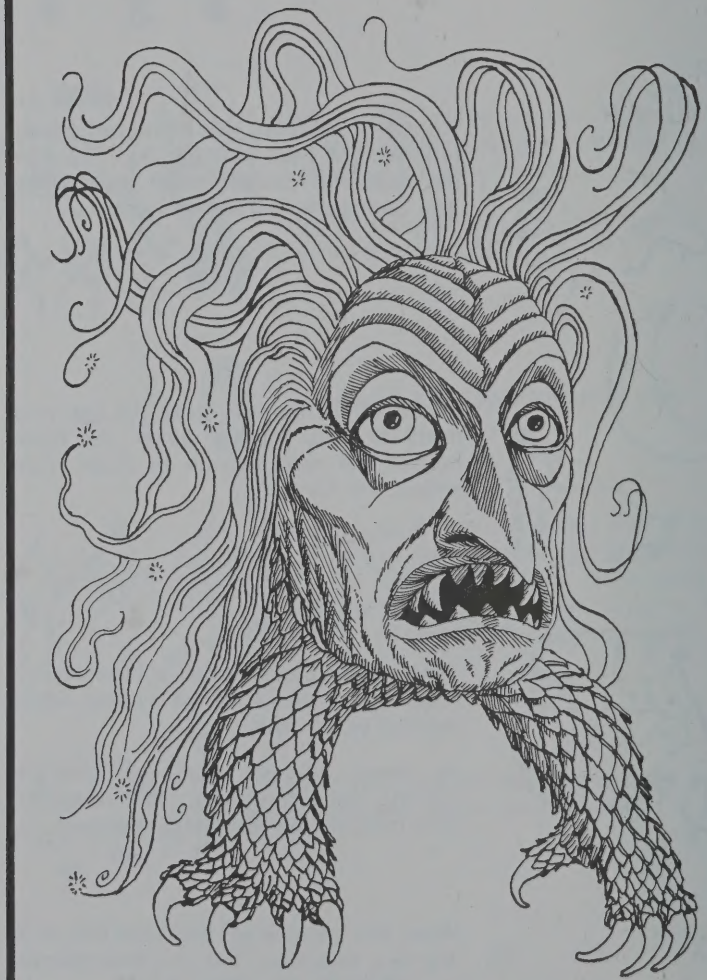
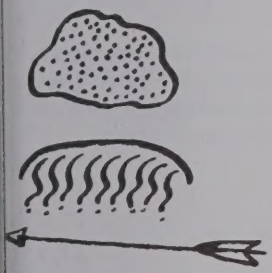
The Flying Head



This old Indian story was told to me by two Standing Stone (Oneida) Indians

when I was a boy



Many

winters

ago (arrow going back)

near Oneida Lake

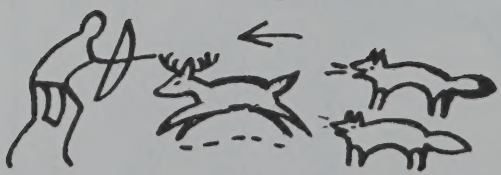
there was an Oneida settlement.

In this settlement there was a famous hunter

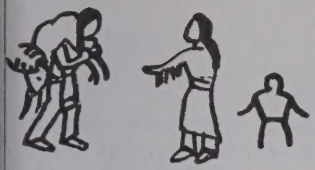
whose name was Wolf Marked.

Wolf Marked lived in a bark house at the edge of the village.

His only companions were two large wolf-like dogs who never left his side. They were his constant companions and Wolf Marked treated them as his brothers.



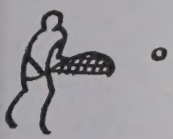
It was said that while hunting, these swift running dogs would drive the game to Wolf Marked. This famous hunter was never known to have returned from the trail empty handed.



Wolf Marked was well liked by other members of his nation. A portion of all game brought down by his arrows was always given to the needy, the widow and the orphan.

He was always ready to help those of his people who were in want or need. His aid was given willingly and he always refused pay or reward for his services.

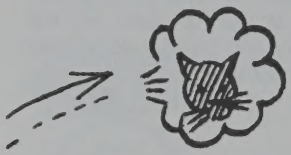
No one was fleeter of foot than this young man and often the chiefs of his nation sent him with wampum messages down the long trail that bound one end of the Long House Country to the other. His wisdom was also great and his advice was often asked at Council.



He was a great ball player and many times his strong arm and fleet foot carried the ball through the goal post of a rival people. In feats of endurance and strength he excelled all others of his people.

One Sun (day)

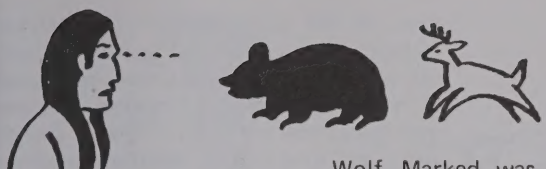
Wolf Marked made preparations for a hunt. With a new quiver of arrows and a pack of provisions he left the village.



His trail led toward the west (Great Panther).

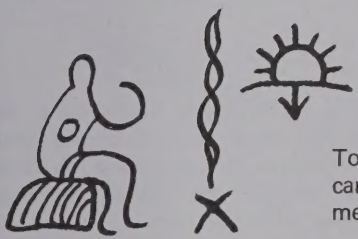
On each side of him trotted one of his faithful dogs.

All day he traveled, his eyes ever alert for signs of game. But on this day all life in the forest seemed to have vanished. Over the entire countryside a deep silence had fallen. Not a bird sang a song. Not a rabbit crossed the trail. No leaf rustled in the wind. The forest was silent.

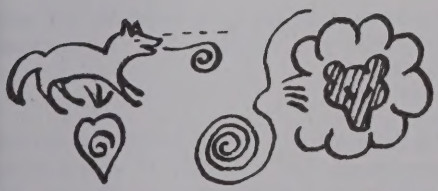


Wolf Marked was looking for signs of bear and deer.

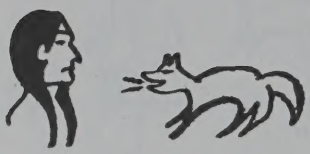
He wondered why his two faithful dogs traveled close to his feet. He wondered why their hair rose on their backs, why they acted as though they feared something. They sniffed the air looking toward the north, growling low in their throats. In this manner they traveled the entire day.



Toward sunset Wolf Marked prepared camp, making a fire, cooking their evening meal.

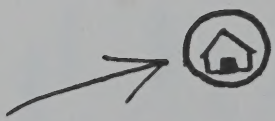


As Wolf Marked wondered at the strange behavior of his dogs he thought that he heard a strange wailing cry coming from the North (Great Bear). His dogs answered by growling in their throats. He knew that they feared something very unusual.



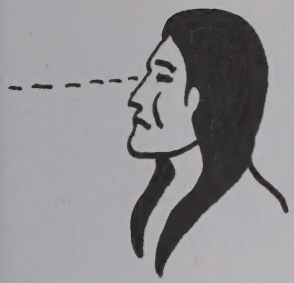
One of the dogs looked Wolf Marked straight in the face and spoke, "Friend do not be surprised that we can speak to you in your own language. Because you have been kind to us, always sharing with us, treating us as your brothers, we are going to break the rule to warn you. A terrible monster who is master in the forest is approaching you. You must flee and head for a clearing because only there can he do you no harm. Flee while you can and immediately."

There was no mistaking the terror in the eyes of his dogs. With a bound Wolf Marked flung his pack aside and ran down the trail toward the village, his dogs following close behind him.



He knew that his only hope for life was to reach the clearing that surrounded his village.

As Wolf Marked ran he heard the terrible scream of the monster. It was a high, long drawn out, piercing wail. It was a cry he had never heard before. It sounded like the combination of the howl of the wolf, the scream of the panther and the roar of the north wind. As Wolf Marked ran the wail got nearer and nearer. The creature was fast gaining on him.

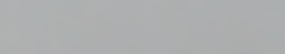


Once, while at the foot of a hill, he glanced back.

What he saw startled him so much that he almost froze in his tracks. A great fiery head with large, round yellow eyes, a long hooked beak and large open mouth appeared over the brow of the hill. The creature had fiery hair that flowed in a long wavy streak as the monster traveled. It had no body but fastened to the bottom of the head were two scale-covered paws, on the ends of which were long curved, ugly looking claws.

The monster traveled in a peculiar fashion. It would jump to the foot of a tree, climb the tree and then jump to the foot of another tree. In this way it traveled very rapidly. There was a wide burnt path cutting back through the forest where the creature had traveled.

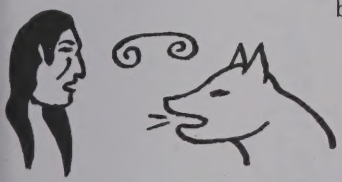
Soon Wolf Marked could feel the hot breath of the creature on the back of his neck. One of his dogs spoke to him saying, "Brother, the creature is almost upon us. I am going back to fight it. I can delay it for a little while, but I will never see you again on this earth. Farewell, kind and good friend." Saying this the dog turned and ran back.



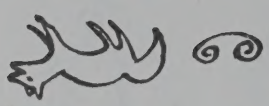
Wolf Marked heard barking and growling and then a yelp of pain. He knew that his faithful friend was dead and was being eaten by the head. His friend had given his life for him.

Wolf Marked ran on. The village was just around the bend of a hill. If he could only make it, he knew that he would be safe. Again he heard the wailing cry of the creature. Nearer and nearer it sounded. He could feel the hot breath of the head singe his head hair. Sparks from its fiery mouth fell around him. The monster was close.

His brave dog fell behind him getting between the Monster and Wolf Marked.



The remaining dog said, "Brother, the creature is almost upon us. Perhaps I can delay it until you reach the village. I am going back to fight it. I will never see you again on this earth. Farewell, kind and faithful friend."

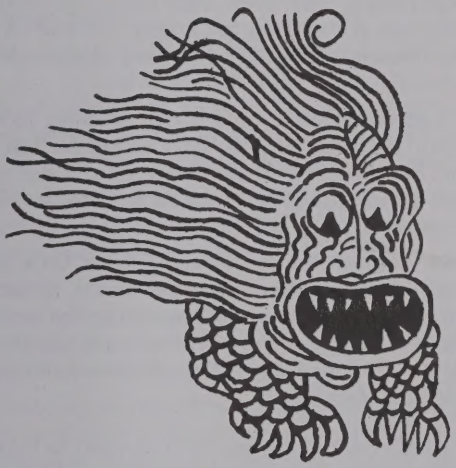


Saying this, the dog turned and ran back over the trail. Wolf Marked heard barking and growling and then a yelp of pain. He knew that his faithful friend was dead and was being eaten by the monster.

He was tired but ran on and after a brief silence he again heard the wail of the monster. He could hear the creature getting nearer as it cut a burning path through the forest. He could feel the hot breath burn his back. He could sense its huge eyes upon him.

Ahead of him he could see the sky lit up by the fires of the village.

With a staggering run he entered the clearing in the center of which was the village. Running across the field he came to a stop and with his startled people looked back over his trail.



A great head came bounding up to the edge of the forest. Showers of sparks shot from its mouth. Its great yellow eyes glared in fiery hatred at the people. With a mighty bound and a terrible cry of anger, it turned and disappeared over the dark forest, traveling toward the North.

[In ancient days, this story was told to show the fidelity of a dog. It was and is a belief of the Old People that a person who was cruel to dogs could never reach the Land of Happy Spirits.]

100

The Fierce Beast

This story was told me by Dehaweiahere*, a Mohawk of Six Nations Country at Ohsweken.

In ancient days, three brothers were camped beside a mountain in what is now New York State. They were on a hunting trip and had left their main village on the Mohawk River.

One morning, the oldest brother took his bow and quiver of arrows, and stepping into the forest, said that he was going to hunt for deer. He told his two brothers to remain in camp until his return.

The hunter did not return, and after two days, the next older brother said that he would see if he could get a deer. He said he would find the missing brother. Taking his bow and arrows, he went into the forest.

The little brother waited patiently for his two brothers to return. After waiting for two days, the little boy finished eating the last of the supply of meat that was in camp. He knew that if he did not get any fresh meat, that he would starve to death. So, taking his bow and arrows, he also went into the forest.

After wandering for several hours, he came to a little stream. "Here," thought he, "I will find game of some kind." Quietly, he followed the course of the brook, his sharp eyes watching for a rabbit or a squirrel. The stream wound in and out among the trees. The little boy followed the winding stream for some time. The stream led the boy to a beautiful valley surrounded by high hills.

As the boy wandered on up this valley, he happened to look up at one of the hills that overshadowed the stream. At the foot of this hill, he saw a cave. "Perhaps I will find game in the cave," thought he. He left the flat land, and climbing to the entrance of the cave, he glanced in.

The inside of the cave was very dark, but the little boy was very brave. Firmly grasping his bow and an arrow, he crept into the dark shadows. For a while, he could see where he was going, but as he went farther back from the mouth of the cave, it became very dark. In a little while, he could see nothing at all but still he walked on. As he was groping his way into the heart of the hill, he stepped into a huge hole in the floor of the cave. Without warning, he fell into a deep pit. He felt himself falling down, down, he knew not where. Every minute, he expected to crash against the ragged rocks at the bottom of the pit, but to his surprise, he continued falling.

(Day-hah-way-YAH-hay-lay)

After falling for what seemed a long time, the boy saw far below him a pinhole of light. As he fell toward this light, it became brighter and larger until he saw that it was an opening in the bottom of the pit. Below the opening was a body of water that seemed to be a lake. As the boy fell through the hole, he braced his body for a plunge into the water. Down he fell into the lake. Gasping for breath, the boy swam up until his head was above water. Near at hand was land, and as he was a good swimmer, he soon reached shore.

Stepping upon a sandy beach, he found himself in a strange country. The grass was so big that he had to walk around each blade. A blade of grass was higher than a tree. Flowers towered high above his head. The little boy came to what he thought was a cliff. Upon walking around the edge of it he found it to be a tree. The top branches were so high that he could not see them. An ant hill was as high as a mountain in this strange country.

The little boy still held his bow and arrows and now, very cautiously, stalked around the tall grass. He came to a little hill, and was just about to climb it when he heard voices othe other side. Grasping his hunting knife, he slowly crept toward the sound. Cautiously walking from behind a blade of grass, the little boy saw his two missing brothers.

The two brothers appeared very excited and were looking up at the branches of a gigantic tree. The little brother went to them. He asked them why they were so excited.

"Look at that great animal in the tree," said the older brother. "We have been trying for several days to kill it. If we could kill it and bring its great skin back to the village, we would be greatly honored." Saying this, he shot an arrow at the fierce monster.

Glancing up, the little brother saw a fierce-looking animal crouched on a large branch of the tree. As the little brother looked up, the arrow that the older brother had just shot hit the tail of the monster. With a deafening roar, the huge creature jumped down on the branch below him.

The fierce animal glared down at the three brothers and, opening his mouth, showed its great teeth, at the same time letting out a roar which could be heard for many miles around. The two other brothers had exhausted their supply of arrows and, turning to the little brother, asked him for his quiver of arrows. They then shot arrow after arrow at the huge beast. Occasionally, an arrow would hit a limb of the tree, or glance off the monster's thick hide. At such times, the beast would growl and jump to a lower branch, getting nearer and nearer the three brothers.

Finally, there was but one arrow left, and the creature was still alive. The little brother then said, "Let me try. Perhaps I can hit him." Taking up the last arrow, he carefully drew it to its head. Taking very

careful aim, he let the arrow fly. Up, up it went, and with a thud, cut through the beast's thick hide and into its heart!

With a deafening roar, the giant creature pawed the air, lost its balance, and fell crashing to the earth. Over and over it fell, breaking the heavy branches of the tree as if they were spider's webs. Down he fell, straight at the boys, who jumped to one side and hid behind three blades of grass. With a loud thump, the monster fell on its back, the earth trembling as he hit the ground.

Eagerly the brothers rushed out from behind the grass. They stared in awe at such a gigantic monster. Never before had they seen such a big creature. "The meat will last for many days," said the little brother.

"It will take all three of us to carry its huge hide," said oldest brother.

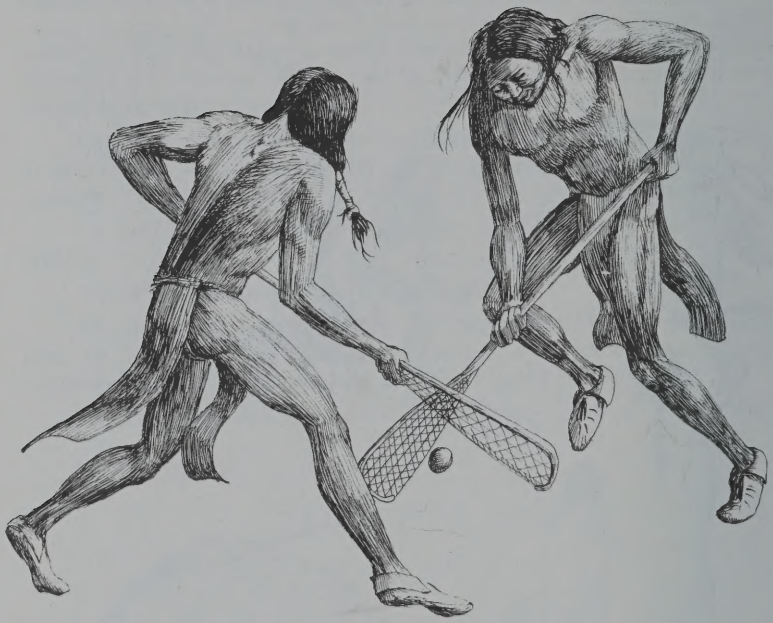
"We are great hunters," said middle brother.

The brothers grasped the legs of the monster and tried to pull it over on its side. They pulled and pulled, and exerting all of their combined strength, they managed to pull the giant animal over.

What do you think it was?

It was a mouse. . .

Snow Snake — An Iroquois Game



Lacrosse — An Iroquois Game

CONSERVATION As The Indian Saw It

Many moons ago (arrow going back)

Before the white man came

the Indian had sunshine in his heart

There were many great forests in America.

There were many animals in America.

There were many birds in America.

There were many fish in the rivers.

There were many fur-bearing animals.

The Indian had lived here in America for many, many years.

Then, from the direction of the rising sun, across the waters, came a great winged canoe.

In it was the white man.

With his axe he cut down too many trees.

With his thundergun, he exterminated the animals, the deer, bear, and other forest creatures.

He, the white man, took too many fish from the streams.

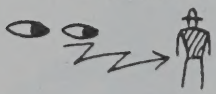
He, the white man, destroyed too many birds.

He plowed up too much land.

It was not good and the Indian became sad.

He had pain in his heart.

He moved westward toward the setting sun.

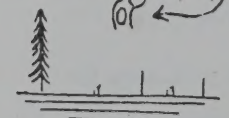


The Great Spirit was angry at the workings of the white man.

The Great Spirit said, "We will see the results of greed and waste."

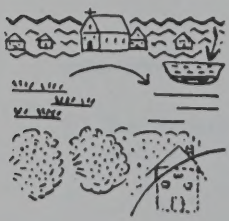
Because there were no birds to eat the insects, the insects increased.

They ate the crops of the farmers.



Because there were no forests to hold back the soil,

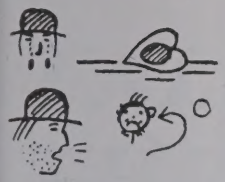
The rains made many floods.



The rushing waters washed away the towns and farms of the white man. The waters ran wild, carrying the soil to the sea.

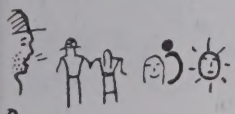
Because there was no heavy sod, it having been destroyed by the white man, the winds tore up the soil and caused dust storms.

Dust and sand covered the farms of the white man.



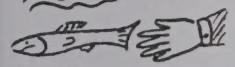
The white man was sad. His heart dragged on the ground.

He said, "I must teach my children to be wiser than I have been."

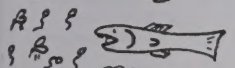


He said, "I will tell them to plant trees on the earth.

Their roots will hold back the water and the earth."

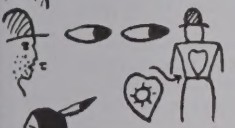


He said, "I will put fish in the rivers."



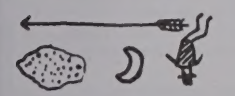
They will eat the young of the mosquito and other harmful insects."

He said, "I will put houses in trees for the birds. The birds will eat the harmful insects."



He said, "If I do these things, God will smile on me again.

He will make this country as good and beautiful as it was before the white man, my ancestor, came here and destroyed it."



CONTRAST

I plod my way upon a city street;
My aching feet drag wearily along;
The hard concrete unyielding to my tread;
My path invaded by the pressing throng.

Unyielding too the faces that I pass,
A street of strangers, like a foreign land;
Scarce one to whom I'd dare to tip my hat;
Who'd stop and talk with me and shake my hand.

I bow my head against the dizzy scene
Of jumbled traffic and humanity,
Of blinding lights and boldly colored signs,
Of massive walls of stone that smother me.

The rumble of the motors and the sound
Of ever-blasting horns and clanging bells,
The siren's whistle, and the noisy throng
Tear at my nerves: my tired heart rebels.

I loath the filthy air that I must breath,
Heavy with smoke and fumes of burning gas;
The mingled foul odors of the street
Will not let me evade them as I pass.

I reach the place that I must call my home,
A flat with flats above and flats below.
The view from north or south or east or west
Obstructed just by houses row on row.

My magic chair with outstretched arms awaits.
I sink into its depths — a spell is cast.
I close my eyes; the noise about me fades;
My dream has come, and I am free at last.

In cool and fragrant woods, my spirit roams,
Pine needles 'neath my feet and fallen leaves
Like carpets soft and beautiful to tread
In colors gold and green that nature weaves.

Enchanted I behold a land of God;
Tal mountains, crystal lakes and trees of green —
Virgins of beauty, dignity and grace
In silent worship stand, untouched and clean.

A soft and sweet refrain comes to my ears,
The whisper of the trees, the humming wind,
The murmur of the brook, a robin's song,
In voices low and clear, they sing a hymn.

The air is pure and sweet with mingled scents
Of forest growth and earth, of spicy pine;
Each previous breath I take is deep and long,
No rare incense or perfume as divine.

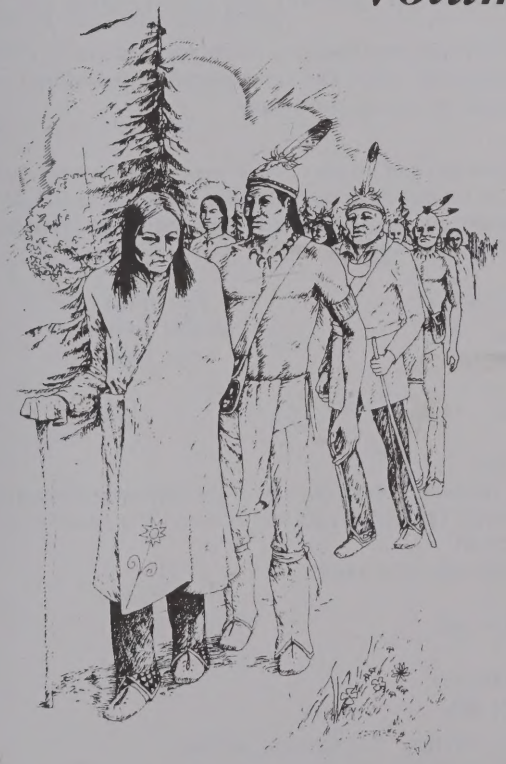
The fading sunset leaves a holy light,
It falls upon the hills like purple dew.
The evening spreads its charm like candle glow,
And crickets ring their sleepy-time curfew.

My home of log and stone has simple charm,
'Tis peaceful as thewoods from which it grew.
And there before the warmth of open fire
My friends and I find comradeship that's true.

— June Fadden

TALES OF THE IROQUOIS

Volume II



by Tehanetorens

— *Publishers Foreword* —

These stories have been published to keep the memories of our history alive. Although they are a shortened version of the originals, they still remind us of our past and are a key to the future. We, the publishers, have been fortunate to have known Tehanetorens as students in his classes, now as adults still listening and learning.

Foot Note:

Some spelling changes have been made from the original text only to maintain grammatical continuity and not to change any meaning or meanings.

This collection of Ray Fadden's works was done from 1948 to the late 1950's respectively, since that time grammatical spellings and changes have occurred by various individuals.

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— *DEDICATION* —

Tales of the Iroquois - Volume II is dedicated to Tehanetorens for keeping the stories alive, not only in the oral tradition, but also in the printed word. There have been many miles travelled by many of us that have listened and learned, 2 generations of people travelled along the old trails with you, Tehanetorens, may we have the compassion and wisdom to share as you have.

A special thanks to Nadine Nelson Jennings, who had the insight to help us publish this volume for friends around the world of "humanity."

— NOTES PEOPLE

MIGRATION OF THE IROQUOIS

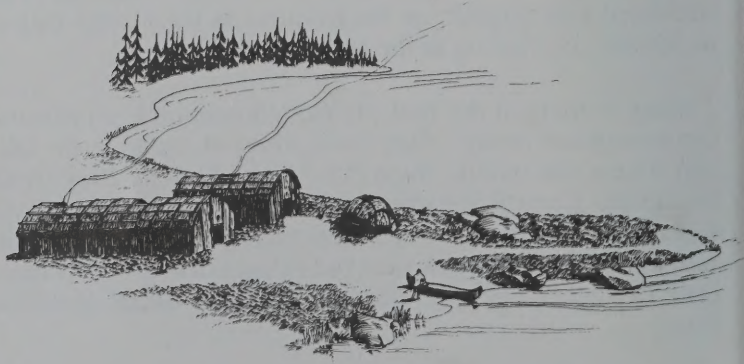
by Tehanetorens

This story is about the Hodenosaunee, as we say in our language, or the People of the Long House as it is translated into English, or the Iroquois as the French called us, or the Six Nations as the British called us.

Many winters in the past the Hodenosaunee lived toward the setting sun (west). They lived where the grass grew tall, and where the buffalo lived (The Great Plains). They lived beside the Great River (the Mississippi). The Iroqouis lived toward the setting sun, where the grass grew tall, where the buffalo lived. They dwelt near the villages of the Wolf Nation (The Pawnees). They were friends and allies of the Wolf Nation.

Northeast of their country were the Great Lakes. To the west rose the Rocky Mountains. Near the outlet of the Big River, the Mississippi, were the villages of the Hodenosaunee.

For some reason, the Iroquois packed their belongings on their backs and migrated. Many footmarks led away. They headed toward the rising sun. Up the Ohio River their trail went — toward the Great Lakes, they migrated toward the rising sun.



One band went across the Great Lakes and settled on Georgian Bay. They were known as the Thastchetchi, the Huron Nation. South of them settled the Tionontati, the Tobacco People. Another band settled along the shores of Lake Erie. They were the Gaguagaono, the Erie People. Along the Niagara River settled the Hatiwatarunh, the Neuter Nation. The Wenrohronon (Wenroe) Band settled southeast of the Neuters. Along the Susquehanna river settled the Kanastoge Nation. To the west of them, along the upper Ohio, the Honiasontkeronon (Black Minqua) built their towns. Up the Kanawha River migrated the Nottoway and Meherrin Peoples. Far to the south, across the Appalachian

Mountains, migrated the Oyatageronon, the Cherokee People. One band went across the Great Lakes and settled in the north around Georgian Bay. They became known as the Huron Nation. One band went south through what is now known as Ohio and Kentucky. They crossed the Appalachian Mountains and settled in what is known as the Carolinas. They became the Cherokee Nation. The main band continued down the St. Lawrence River. There they met the Adirondack People.

The main band continued down the St. Lawrence River. There, they met a people who were different from them. These people were smaller physically than the Hodenosaunee, but there were more of them. They were hunters, while the Iroquois were more or less farmers. The Hodenosaunee noticed that when these people cooked their foods, they flavored them with different kinds of bark. So the Hodenosaunee called these people, "Adirondacks" or porcupines, meaning literally, the Eaters of Bark. The Iroquois

did not get along well with the Adirondacks. Many battles were fought with the Bark Eaters. Because of this war there were many deaths. The Iroquois fought many battles with the Bark Eaters. In time, they were defeated by the Adirondacks. The Iroquois were defeated by the Bark Eaters. For many winters and many summers they, the Hodenosaunee, had to pay tribute of skins and meat to the Adirondack people, who had very good warriors. Darkness (sadness) filled the hearts of the People of the Long House. But the Hodenosaunee never forgot the Creator, and they continued to give

thanksgiving to the plants, the waters, the sun, the moon, the animals, the winds. They wanted freedom, as the Eagle has. They — men, women, and children — continually spoke to the Creation and planned for freedom.

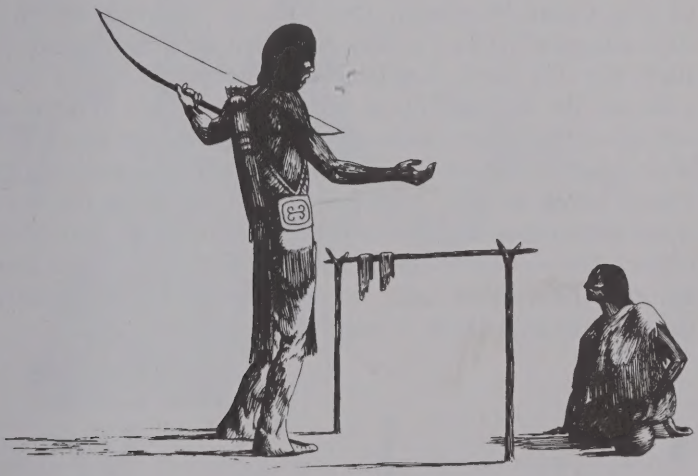
After many years of planning and with secretly-stored provisions, one dark night they left their village and silently paddled their canoes up the St. Lawrence River. Their water-trail led up this river, around the Thousand Islands, toward the mouth of the Oswego River. They looked back and saw

specks on the water. These distant specks were the canoes of the Bark Eaters. The Hodenosaunee knew that the Adirondacks, not being burdened with women and children, had pursued them and would reach them before they could land.

The Adirondacks overtook the Iroquois near the mouth of the Oswego River. A great battle took place. For a time, it looked as if the Iroquois would be wiped out. The Thunder People heard their cry of distress and sent a great storm. In

the confusion, the rough waters and high winds, many of the canoes of the Adirondacks overtuned. Those who survived returned home.

Near the mouth of the Oswego River, the Hodenosaunee landed and erected their village. They found good hunting. They found a rich soil, good for the raising of corn, beans and squash. For many years the home fires of the People of the Long House burned and their bark houses stood near the Oswego River. In time, they multiplied. There were many men, women, and children. The game, being used for food, became scarce.



Finally, different bands of Hodenosaunee left the homeland seeking better hunting regions. They were looking for signs of deer. From their homeland along the Oswego River, their trails led south, east, and west. The Flint People, who are called by others the Mohawks, settled along the Mohawk River. Around Oneida Lake, the Standing Stone People, or Oneidas, built their villages. The People of the Hills, or Onondagas, settled along Onondaga Creek. To the west, along Cayuga Lake, the Great Pipe People, or Cayugas, built their towns. Along Canandaigua Lake settled the People

of the Great Mountain, the Senecas. Another band, the Akotaskarore, or Tuscaroras, travelled far to the south. Now they, the one band, had become six separate bands. To the east was the Hudson River, running to the sea. To the west stretched the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River. North was the Adirondack Mountain region and south were the Finger Lakes. In time, although related by blood, the five nations who remained in the north, became enemies of each other. They forgot the ways of the Creator, and fought among themselves and with others, bringing sorrow, destruction and death to each nation.

Two wise men, one whom we call today the Peacemaker, and Aiionwentha, organized the five nations of Long House People into a confederacy. The Peacemaker gave them a government and constitution to follow, called Kaianeregowa, or the Great Nice Way. Today we often call it "the Great Law".

The Peacemaker said, "To war against each other is foolish as well as evil. Hunters are afraid to seek game in the forests. Fishermen fear to follow the streams. Women are afraid to

work in the fields. Because of war, there is starvation, suffering, and misery. War must cease and everlasting Peace must be established among all peoples." The warriors of the Five Nations listened and thought of the words of the Wise One. They threw down their weapons of war.

The Five Nations of the People of the Long House allied themselves into one League. They compared themselves to a long bark house, where there would be five fireplaces, but all were of one family. The Flint People, the Mohawks, were the Keepers of the Eastern Door of that Long House. The Senecas were Keepers of the Western Door. The Onondagas,

in the center, were the Fire Keepers, and theirs became the capitol of the League.

The Five Nations became as brothers again. They worked together as one people. If any one of these nations were attacked, the injury was felt by all of the Five Nations.

The Rotiianeson, or Nice People, whom some today call "chiefs", contributed white wampum toward a Great White Circle of Wampum. This wampum circle is the symbolic Fire of the Great Council which burns at Onondaga. It certifies the pledge words of the Rotiianeson that they will keep the unity of the Confederacy, that they are united, and form one body or League of Great Peace, which they have established. The fifty strings of wampum facing the center represent the Rotiianeson, fifty in number, the Government of the Five Nations. Each string stands for one of our leaders, and they are placed in the order in which they sit at council.

This sacred wampum belt symbolizes the union of the Five Nations. It was made to remember the Great Peace. It means: the Five Nations are joined together by the Path of Peace. In

the center is a white heart, symbolizing the Onondaga nation. It also means that the heart of the Five Nations is single in its loyalty to the Great Peace, and that the Great Peace is lodged in the heart, with the Onondaga people. The Peace Path extends beyond at both ends, meaning that others may follow this path, and become part of the Great Peace, Kaianerekowa.

The Peacemaker said, "Our League is a Great Tree. It reaches high into the sky so that all peoples will see and know of it. The Eagle watches from its top as our guardian bird. The Tree has four white roots, White Roots of Peace that go to the four winds. If any man or any nation shall show a desire to trace these roots to their source and obey the Law of the Great Peace, they shall be made welcome to take shelter beneath this tree." Many nations took shelter beneath this tree, becoming a part of the first United Nations. Weapons of war are buried deep in the earth.

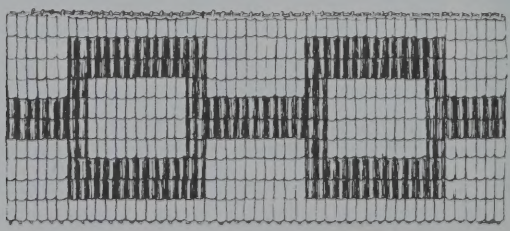
For many years, the Irouqois Confederacy guarded and protected the Thirteen Colonies from invasion from the

north. If it had not been for this protection during the several French and English Wars, it would not have been possible for the United States of America to begin.

Also, white leaders watched the operations of the Iroquois government and learned union and democracy from it. Historians are now beginning to admit what they must have known a long time ago — that the government of the United States is not patterned after something across the ocean, where they believed in the divine right of kings and where the people had no voice, but it is patterned after the government of the People of the Long House, where all people — women as well as men — are represented and control their government.

If any foreign nation insisted upon war to gain its ends, it was always warned three times in open council to obey the Law of the Great Peace and settle its disputes by talking them over. If after the third warning, that nation insisted upon force, it got no other chance. The War Belt was thrown at its feet, and the Five Nations fought it until it was conquered. Their people were not killed or tortured, but were adopted by the Five Nations, assigned lands, and were given the same rights and privileges as other Iroquois. The only freedom they lost was the freedom to wage war.

Because of the Great Law, Kaiianerekowa, the sun shone strong in the hearts of the native peoples of this land. They were a happy people when they lived in America under the Tree of Peace.



THE FORMATION OF THE HODENOSAUNE OR LEAGUE OF THE FIVE NATIONS

By AREN AKWEKS

There are many kinds of heroes. We usually think of our great men as being those who were brave in battle and had the strength of giants, or had the gift of powerful magic. Listen now to the tale of a different kind of hero.

Many winters ago, the Iroquois tribes were always struggling with one another. Other tribes were raging war against the different villages of the Iroquois. In the midst of this tumult, Deganahwideh and Hiawatha began to talk about peace. Deganahwideh was the real prophet. He did most of the planning. Hiawatha was his spokesman and devoted helper. Together they united the Iroquois tribes into one people — The People of the Ho-de-no-sau-nee, or the League of the Five Nations. Shall we not say then, that these men who did not pretend to be any greater than their brothers, were really greater heroes than those who killed many men?

Their handiwork was found to be good; so good that those who know of it cannot help but marvel; so good that its greatest features are found in the government of today's United States. Indians of today, you deserve to feel proud of the great men of your history!

— Akwesasne Mohawk Counselor Organization

(The Akwesasne Mohawk Counselor Organization has ceased to exist as of the late 1950s. But all those people who were part of it are still very much with all of us. AKWESASNE NOTES reprints Tales of the Iroquois, Volume II with all of these people, and all our future relations, in mind.)

This is an Iroquois story. It happened many winters in the past. The preceeding designs are the offical symbols of the Iroquois Confederacy. The first design represents the sacred wampum belt[1] of the Great Peace. This belt is sometimes called the Hiawatha Belt. The white pine tree, or heart, in the center symbolizes the Onondaga Nation, capital of the Confederacy. The white squares are the other four nations of the Confederacy. This chain must always be kept bright and clean. The five arrows[2] are bound very close together, each arrow represents one of the Five Nations. The arrows, bound together represent the unity of the Five Nations. The Five Nations are bound together in peace and friendship. If a tree should fall on one of the Five Nations, the wound or hurt is felt by all. The Long House with the five fires[3] represents the government or League of the Five Nations. The Five Nations, stretching across New York State, were as a Long House of one family. The Mohawks were the Eastern Doorkeepers of the Long House. The Senecas were the Western Doorkeepers. The Onondagas, in the center of Iroquois country, were the Fire Keepers of the Confederacy or Long House. The watchful eagle at the top of the Tree of Peace is the guardian of the Five Nations. Under the Tree of Peace are buried all weapons of war. The roots of the Peace Tree are four in number and spread to the four corners of the world so that all nations may find the Tree, following these roots they may take shelter beneath its branches.

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Now our story starts. North of the Beautiful Lake (Ontario) on the land of the Huron Nation there was a village. This Huron village was on the Bay of Quinte, (where Tyandenegea Mohawk Reservation is today). The Hurons were Iroquois. They were related by blood to the Five Nations. They had similar language, customs, religion, traditions and dress. Living in that village was a virgin woman.

This woman was favored by the Creator of All Things. In a vision this woman was told that, though she was married to no man, she was to give birth to a boy child. She was told that she must name this child Deganahwideh and that Deganahwideh was to be a great man who was to spread peace and good will among the different Nations. He was to plant the Tree of Peace. His life and teachings would someday influence the world. The son was born and the eyes of the Great Spirit ever watched and guarded him from harm. He was given special powers by the Creator.

The boys grandmother greatly disliked him and often she scolded her daughter for bringing disgrace upon the family.

Three times she tried to drown the boy by thrusting him through a hole in the ice of the lake. But the next day the boy was in his lodge by the side of his mother. He seemed well and strong and showed no after effect. In a dream, the Great Spirit spoke to the old woman, the grandmother. He told her to cease trying to harm the boy, that the boy's mother had born him without having marriage with any man. She was told that the boy was to become an important man.

When Deganahwideh became a man he was an honest and good man. His tongue was straight. He had a big heart (generous). He never killed game for sport but only when he needed food. He shared what he had with the poor and less fortunate of the village. Because of his kindness the birds would light on his shoulders and animals would eat from his hand. He always told what he believed was right. He always spoke against war and talked for peace among all peoples.

One day he bid farewell to his mother and grandmother. In a canoe of white rock (probably birch bark) he paddled across the Beautiful Lake toward the south wind (Little Fawn.) He crossed Lake Ontario and paddled up the Oswego River. Crossing Oneida Lake he made a short carry to the Mohawk River. He went eastward down the Mohawk River.

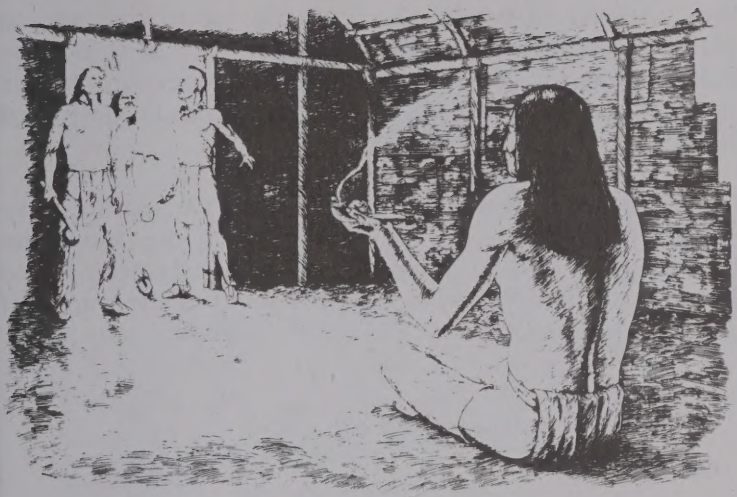
He came to a village of the Flint People (Mohawks). In those days a stranger never entered an Indian village without an invitation. To do so invited death as it was during a time of many wars. As was the custom at that time, he made a fire near the village and waited for an invitation to enter. The chiefs sent a scout to ask the stranger, who sat by the fire, to enter their village.

Deganahwideh spoke to the council of the Flint People. He told them of his mission, that he was to speak the words and will of the Creator, the Great Spirit. He told the people that

the Great Spirit did not love war. He said that he, Deganahwideh, was sent to establish the Great Peace among the Ongewe-Oweh (Iroquois) and that nations should no longer kill each other but must smoke the Pipe of Peace and Friendship with each other. "Warfare must cease! To love your brother is better than to hate him. The weapons of war and strife must be buried deep under the earth! To kill is evil!" So said Deganahwideh! The Head Chief of the Flint People agreed with Deganahwideh. He demanded proof, however, that Deganahwideh was the one appointed by the

Great Spirit to plant the Tree of Peace and to establish the Great Laws of Friendship. Deganahwideh said that he could prove that he was the messenger of the Great Spirit. Near the village there was a high cliff overlooking the lower falls of the Mohawk River. Growing on top of this cliff and overlooking the rough waters of the falls was a huge tree. Deganahwideh said that he would climb the tree and sit on its top branches. The people were to cut down the tree and thus would fall Deganawideh with it, into the rough waters and sharp rocks below. If he recovered, that was the proof needed. The people agreed, for the cliff was very high, the rocks very sharp and the waters very rough. They knew that he would surely drown if he was not what he claimed to be. Deganahwideh climbed the tree and it was chopped down. He went beneath the waters and vanished.

The next morning the warriors saw smoke arising from the smoke hole of an empty bark house near the village. There they saw Deganahwideh. He was alive and was smoking while cooking his morning meal. The People of Flint were convinced that Deganahwideh was the one appointed by the Great Spirit to plant the Great Tree of Peace, that his tongue was straight (he told the truth).



It was a time of great trouble. The nations of the Iroquois were fighting each other, brothers against brothers. The People of the Flint, (Mohawks), People of the Upright Stone (Oneidas), Hill People (Ononadaga), People of Mucklands (Cayugas) and People of the Great Mountains (Senecas) were continually at war with each other and with outside nations. Because of foolish warfare there were many people killed. The people mourned the deaths of their loved ones, lost thru warfare. People faced starvation because hunters feared to walk alone in the forests, farmers feared to work alone in the gardens. Nowhere was anyone safe. No one knew when the terrible war-cry of the enemy might sound. Fear was constantly in the hearts of the people.

In the country of the Hill People (Onondagas) near the Onondaga village on Onondaga Lake, there rose the smoke of a lone camp fire. It was the fire of Adadarho, the terrible war-chief of the Onondagas. He was feared alike by all nations and even by his own people. This evil man had a body twisted into seven crooks. His long tangled hair was adored with living serpents. His crooked hand always held a war club. He was the cause of much hatred and many feuds between the men of the Five Nations. He had great power and

was a master of witchcraft. With the use of this wicked power he destroyed many men. Every attempt to destroy Adadarho met with failure. This man was a devourer of raw meat. It is said that he even ate the flesh of humans destroyed in battle.

Though the Onondaga People hated Adadarho, they obeyed him. They feared his sorcery. Finally the Onondagas could endure him no longer. The council asked one called Hayonwatha (Hiawatha) to clear the mind of the war chief and to straighten his crooked body. Hiawatha, who was a

man of peace, was determined to make Adadarho cease his evil ways. In canoes the people attempted to cross the lake to Adadarho's camp. When they were in the middle of the lake, Adadarho, shouting in a loud voice, gave his terrible war cry. The people were frightened and some stood up in the canoes. Their canoes tipped over and many were drowned. Thus the first attempt to meet the Adadarho was a failure. Again the people prepared to reason with Adadarho. This time they walked. Adadarho was again ready with his magic power. He caused Akweks, the eagle, to fly close to the heads

of the people and to shake his wings, thus loosening many prized eagle feathers. In the rush to secure the feathers, blows were struck and evil feelings were caused. The people forgot their mission. Again the Evil One was stronger.

The people were to try three times before giving up their attempt to win over the war chief. A certain Medicine Man told of a vision. He said that Hiawatha alone could not conquer Adadarho. He said that a great man (Deganahwideh) was to come from the north and travel to the east. That great man and Hiawatha together could win over Adadarho. He said that Hiawatha must not remain with the Onondagas but must go to the People of the Flint country. The great man from the north lived in a village of the Flint People.

Hiawatha had seven daughters who he greatly loved. The Onondaga people tried to get Hiawatha to go to the Flint country but he refused to leave his daughters. The people knew that as long as he had his daughters to keep him that he would never meet Deganahwideh. They decided to kill Hiawatha's daughters through sorcery. Ohsinoh, a noted shaman was employed to do this. Ohsinoh climbed a tree near the lodge of one of the daughters and imitating the cry

of a screech owl he sang a powerful witch song. In three days the daughter died. He did this in turn to all of the daughters of Hiawatha. During the night all of the daughters, seven in number, took sick and died.

The shock and grief of Hiawatha was great. He walked in a daze but not one of his people came to give him sympathy or comfort. His mind was shadowed and troubled with his great loss. Those who belonged to the same clan as Hiawatha's daughters suspected some kind of mischief. Just before the seventh daughter of Hiawatha took sick they secretly watched her lodge. They heard the cry of the owl and heard the witch chant. They followed the singer, Ohsinoh, home to his own lodge and discovered who he was. When in revenge they lifted their war clubs to kill him, he gazed at them and their arms were held back by his great power. They could not harm him. Their arrows were held back. The grief of Hiawatha was terrible to behold. When no one punished the shaman he said that he would leave Onondaga. He determined to become a wanderer in the forest. His anger was so great that the sky shook with thunder. Lightning flashed as, leaving the village, he headed toward the south (Little Fawn).

On the first sun (day) he camped on a mountain top. On the second sun he camped at the foot of the mountain. On the third sun he came to a place where they were many round jointed rushes growing. He cut these into small lengths, thus making beads. He made three strings of these beads. He made a small fire and sitting near it he said that if he found a person bowed down with grief such as his was that he would mourn with him and try to comfort him. He said that he would lift the clouds of night and darkness from his grieving heart by the use of the strings of beads that he had just made, the strings would become words with which he would speak to them. On the fourth sun he came to one of the Tully Lakes. He travelled now in an eastern direction (Great Moose). Upon the lake were many ducks. When they flew upward they lifted the water with them, leaving dry land. (Probably a beaver dam gave out, letting water out and leaving lake bottom dry. Ducks naturally flew away as they could no longer float). There were many layers of empty shells of the water snail on the lake bottom. Hiawatha filled a pouch with them. Then the ducks returned and brought the water back with them. (Probably the beavers repaired their dam). On the fifth sun he killed three ducks. On the sixth sun he ate some duck meat and went on his way. On the seventh sun he went toward the south again (Little Fawn).

He came to an abandoned hut and there he made a fire and strung some wampum beads of the water snail shells. Sitting near his fire he said that if he found a person bowed down with grief that he would comfort him by the use of the wampum strings. A chief of a nearby village sent his daughter to invite the stranger to the village. There was a council being held. Hiawatha listened to the speakers but his opinion was not asked, though he was a chief. Nothing was reported to him. For three days he sat at council listening to the various speakers. On the tenth day he quietly left the village and went his way. The people had not asked his advice and he felt that he was not needed.

That day he approached another village. He made a fire

outside the village. Over a tripod pole he hung his wampum strings. Sitting near the fire he repeated his words, that if he found a person bowed down with grief such as his was that he would mourn with him and try to comfort him. He said that he would lift the clouds of night and darkness from his greiving heart by the use of the strings of beads that he had just made, the strings would become words with which he would speak to them. A messenger sent by the chief to discover who the stranger was, crept near and heard the words of Hiawatha. He returned to report to his chief. The chief sent the scout to invite Hiawatha to the village. He was asked to sit at council.

On the eighteenth sun, a runner came from the south (Little Fawn). He told of a great man (Deganahwideh) who had come from the north and was now in a Mohawk village at the lower falls. He told of a vision, that another great man (Hiawatha) was to meet Deganahwideh at Ka-nin-ke-a-ka, Flint Land Village. There shall the two men meet together and establish the Great Peace. The runner was from a nation whose village was at the seashore. So said the messenger from the village on the salt water seashore, who came to tell Hiawatha to journey east. Hiawatha determined to go to the Mohawk country to find the dwelling place of Deganahwideh on the Mohawk River near the lower falls.

The Mohawk River entered the Hudson River, not far from the village and then ran to the salt sea.

The chiefs of the village picked out five skillful scouts to escort Hiawatha. They guided and protected Hiawatha on his journey to the Mohawk Country, to the lodge of Deganahwideh. They watched carefully over his health. It took five suns to reach the land of the Flint people. Twenty-three suns had passed since Hiawatha had left his own village at Onondaga. On the outside of the Mohawk Village they built a fire. It was customary to make a smoke to tell of the approach of visitors so that they might enter the village without endangering their lives. The smoke of Hiawatha's

fire floated upward and was seen by the Flint Land People. The Flint People knew the meaning of the smoke signal. A Mohawk messenger invited the party into the village.

Deganahwideh greeted Hiawatha. He saw that he was suffering from some deep grief, that though he was a chief he was not with his own people but was wandering about. Hiawatha told Deganahwideh of his sorrow. At the Mohawk Council Deganahwideh told of the sorrow of Hiawatha. He mourned with Hiawatha. He tried to comfort him in his great loss. He sought to take away the clouds from the heart of the chief so that he could see more clearly. Deganahwideh strung eight more strands of wampum. There were eight

parts of Deganahwideh's address to console Hiawatha. His words were in thirteen strings of wampum, bound in four bunches.

Deganahwideh took one bunch from the pole. Holding it and the bunches, one by one, he handed them to Hiawatha after each part of his address. The words that he spoke to Hiawatha were eight of the thirteen condolences. Deganahwideh said that in the future wampum strings would

be held in the hand to remind the speaker of each part of his talk and when each address is finished, a string would be given to the mourning chief on the opposite side of the fire. The bereaved chief will hand them back, one by one, as he gives a reply. After the eight ceremonial addresses had been made by the great Mohawk chief, the mind of Hiawatha was made clear. Once more he saw things clearly. Once more the sun shone in his heart. The Mohawk Chief then said that because Hiawatha's mind was now strong and clear, that he was capable of judging and could now help him make the laws for the Great Peace whose purpose would be to do away with war, death and robbery between brothers and bring peace, quietness and brotherhood among mankind.

They now composed their Peace Song. It would, if sung without any error, straighten the wicked mind of Adadarho. The emblem of the Confederate chiefs are deer antlers which should be worn by them at council. The two men then told the Mohawk Council of their plan for a Confederation of peace and of the building of a Long House of brotherhood and peace. The chiefs were told that they must be very virtuous, patient men, that they should wear deer antlers as an emblem of their position.

Before they could proceed with their plans, it was necessary to know the opinion of the Mohawk Council. The plan was talked about in the council. The Mohawk speaker said that they, the Mohawks, would firmly grasp the Tree of Peace and would work hard for brotherhood between nations. Their hearts were happy at the thought of ceasing warfare.

Scouts were sent to the People of the Upright Stone (Oneidas) to see what they thought of the plan for everlasting peace. The plan was talked about at the council of the Oneidas. After considering the plan for one year, Quiver Bearer, head chief of the Oneidas, said that the People of the Upright Stone would join the Confederation. Two messengers were sent toward the setting sun. They carried wampum strings and an invitation to join the Confederation.

They arrived in the country of the People of the Muckland or the Great Pipe People (Cayugas). They built their fire as was the custom and recited their message. One year from the date the Cayugas sent back word to the Mohawk Council that they had considered the plan, had agreed with Deganahwideh, and would hold fast to the Tree of Peace.

A runner was sent to the People of the Great Hill (Senecas). They lived far toward the setting sun (west). The Senecas were divided in their opinion. One large band lived west of the Genesee River. They were friends of the Erie Nation who were against the League. The band who lived near the Great Mountains, near Canandaigua Lake, were for the League.

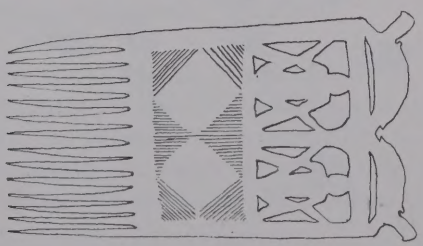
Messengers built their smoke fires near both bands and they were both invited to join the Confederacy. The People of the Great Hill were not united very strongly at that time. There had been trouble between their war chiefs. They asked the messengers of Deganahwideh to return the next year and they would have an answer by that time. Both councils finally listened and considered the peace proposals. They finally agreed with Deganahwideh and after a year, they sent messengers to the Mohawk Council to say that they had agreed to enter into the Confederacy, that they would grasp the Tree of Peace.

The Onondaga Nation (People of the Hills) had been approached before. They wanted to join the peace league but had hestitated to agree openly because of their great fear of Adadarho. When a messenger approached them, however, they agreed to grasp the Tree of Peace. At the great council of the Mohawks, when all of the people were present, Deganahwideh and Hiawatha reported all that had been done during the five successive years. Deganahwideh said that he had obtained the consent of the Five Nations, the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Senecas and Cayugas, to form a peace compact for the union of the nations. He said that these Five Nations had agreed to bury their differences and establish a great peace league whose aim was to eventually take in all of the tribes; its object, to do away with war. Deganahwideh then said that they must find out where the fire of Adadarho burned, that it was he who was the cause of much trouble between the nations of men. "We must seek him out and cure his crooked mind." said the great chief.

The Mohawk speaker for the council agreed and confirmed all that Deganahwideh had said. Deganahwideh then asked for two scouts (Wolves) who would offer to seek out the smoke of Adadarho. Two men quickly offered to become scouts. The head man asked them if they had the ability of the animals and birds of the forests for such they must have if they were clever enough to approach the terrible warrior and not be caught. The two volunteers said that they would be as clever as herons and cranes. After looking them over, the head man said that they would not do because the heron and the crane would stop at the first river or lake for frogs and fish. Again the head man asked for two scouts who would offer to seek out the smoke of Adadarho. Two men quickly offered to become scouts. The head man asked them if they had the ability of the animals and birds of the forests for such they must have if they were

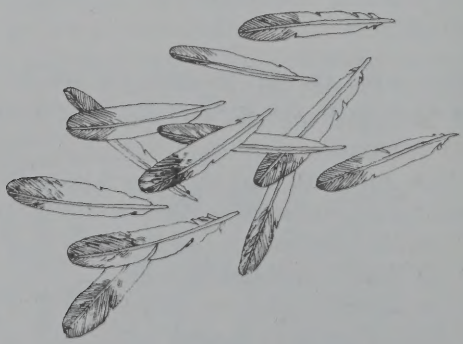
clever enough to approach the terrible warrior and not be caught. The two volunteers said that they would be as clever as humming birds and would fly very swiftly. After looking them over, the head man said that they would not do because the humming bird is always hungry and is always looking for flowers. Again the head man asked for two scouts who would offer to seek out the smoke of Adadarho. Two men quickly offered to come scouts. The head man asked them if they had the ability of the animals and birds of the forests for such they must have if they were clever enough to approach the terrible warrior and not be caught. The two volunteers said that they would be as clever as the white crane. After looking them over, the head man said that they would not do because the white crane is very wild and easily frightened, that they would fly in terror when the clouds moved and would forget their mission. Again the head man asked for two scouts who would offer to seek out the smoke of Adadarho. Two more men asked to be allowed to seek out Adadarho's fire. They said that they would be like crows and would fly straight to the lodge of the terrible War Chief. The Head man said that they would not do, as crows are to noisy, that they talk too loudly, boast and are full of mischief. Adadarho would hear them long before they found his fire. Again the head man asked for two scouts who would offer to seek out the smoke of Adadarho. Finally two skilled warriors stepped forward and offered to serve as scouts. They said that they were strong as the deer and bear and had their power.

These two were chosen to seek the smoke of the War Chief. The head man, the speaker for the council, reported



that the two scouts were ready for their trial. The two scouts travelled through the forest on their mission. They travelled toward the south (Little Fawn). Then Deganahwideh spoke to the Mohawk Council. "I and my younger brother, Hiawatha, stand before you. We now place before you the laws by which to frame the Great Peace," said Deganahwideh. The great leader said, "The symbol of our Peace League will be the Tree of Peace, the white pine. Watching over the welfare of our people and perched upon the Tree of Peace will be the Eagle, guardian bird of our people. His far-seeing eyes will warn us of the approach of enemies. Under the Tree of Peace we must bury all the weapons of war and bloodshed. Men of the Five Nations must unite and always act as One Heart, one mind and one soul. They must forever spread good will and brotherhood among all nations, always remembering that the main object of the Confederacy is to make possible . . . Peace, Prosperity, Power and Equality for all!"

The emblems of the leaders of the Confederacy shall be the antlers of the deer. The chieftainship titles of the clans of the Five Nations (heron, eel, deer, bear, wolf, turtle, snipe, beaver, eagle) shall be placed in the hands of certain women and the titles or names of these chiefs shall be held in the families of the mothers forever.



Deganahwideh then recited all of the laws of the Confederacy, recording each with a string of wampum. Hiawatha confirmed all that Deganahwideh said. Deganahwideh then sang the song that was to be used in the ceremony when a leader received his chieftainship title. The Chiefs were to have the power but they must abide by the will of the people. A chief must think of the welfare of his people above all things. His own interests must always come last. The Head Man told the chiefs and the people that they must never forget the Great Spirit, that they must always ask his aid and power to help them be good leaders. The chiefs must firmly grasp the Tree of Peace. They must never forget the purpose for which the League was formed.

The scouts then returned to the Mohawk Council. They reported to the leaders and to Deganahwideh. The scouts reported that they had discovered the fire of Adadarho at great danger to themselves. They said that the hair of the warrior resembled live snakes, that when Adadarho was angry the snake hair seemed to hiss and spit. They reported that the body of the terrible war-chief was deformed, that it had seven crooks in it. The scouts said that he always held a war-club knotted in his hands, which are like the claws of a wild animal. "He is a cannibal," they said.

Deganahwideh then walked back and forth before the Long House. He sang the Hymn of Peace and other sacred songs. He taught the people the Hymn of Peace. Many people came and learned the Peace Hymn. They were made strong with the power of the songs. The Hymn of Peace had great power.

When the grass was knee high (Midsummer), Deganahwideh called all of the People of Flint together (men, women, children). He chose one man to go ahead. This man was to approach Adadarho and sing the Hymn of Peace before his lodge. They, the Mohawk People travelled toward the west (Great Panther). The singer led the company through the forests singing the Peace Songs as he went. The Mohawks followed the singer. There were many tracks through the forests. (All of the People). Many old villages and camping places were passed as they went toward the Onondaga country. The names of the villages were lifted to give to the Clan Name Holders. Now they were in the territory of the People of the Upright Stone, the Oneidas. There they met the great Oneida Chief, Quiver Bearer with his chiefs and his people. All of the two nations, the Mohawks and Oneidas, marched on toward the country of the Hill People (Onondaga), the singer of the Peace Songs going ahead. As the Mohawks and Oneidas walked together through the forests, they met the Great Pipe People (Cayuga) and also the People of the Great Mountain, the Senecas. They greeted each other in friendship and the great throng headed toward the country of the People of the Hills. Together the trails of all four nations, Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas and Senecas, marched through the forests toward the Onondaga settlements.

When the country of the Onondagas was reached the people halted their march. They kindled a fire as was customary. The chiefs of the Onondagas welcomed them. A great multitude marched to the fireside of Adadarho. The singer of the Hymn of Peace led the throng. The chiefs and people of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas all walked toward the lodge of the terrible warrior. The people gathered before the lodge of Adadarho. The singer walked before the lodge of the terrible warrior. He tried to cure the sick mind of the warrior by singing the Peace Hymn. It was necessary to sing the Peace Hymn without any error if it was to work any power upon the mind of the terrible warrior.

The singer hesitated and made an error in the song. Another singer was appointed but he also made an error in the song. Then Deganahwideh walked before the door of the house of Adadarho. He sang the song without any error. Adadarho heard the song and his power was broken. His war-club dropped from his gnarled hands. When he had finished his song, Deganahwideh walked toward Adadarho and rubbed his body to give it strength and life. Because of the power of Deganahwideh and of the Peace Hymn, the body of Adadarho was made straight. His mind was made healthy. His heart became as a Pine Tree (clean and good). After the mind and body of Adadarho had become healed,

Deganahwideh spoke to the gathering of the nations. He said that the greatest obstacle in the way of a lasting peace had been removed, that the mind of Adadarho had been purified and his body and soul cleansed of all evil. "Now that that is done, we may devote ourselves to establishing the Great Peace," said the Great Man.

Deganahwideh said, "In every nation there are wise and pure men. These men should be appointed to become chiefs of their people. They will be the advisors of their people and

will make any new laws that will be needful. They are to be selected by the Clan Mothers but must have the good will of the entire Clan." "When these chiefs are selected they will be crowned with deer antlers, emblems of friendship," said Deganahwideh. The Clan Mothers of the People of Flint (Mohawk) brought forward nine chiefs and one war-chief. They, the chiefs, were of the Clans, Bear, Wolf and Turtle.

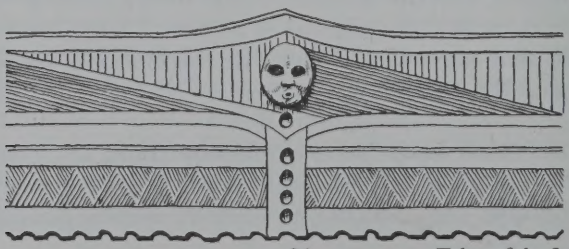
The Clan Mothers of the People of the Upright Stone (Oneidas) brought forward nine chiefs and one war-chief. They, the chiefs, were of the Clans, Bear, Wolf and Turtle.

The Clan Mothers of the People of the Hills (Onondagas) brought forward fourteen chiefs and one war-chief. They were of the Clans, Turtle, Snipe, Bear, Deer, Wolf and Ball.

The Clan Mothers of the People of the Great Pipe or the People of the Mucklands (Cayuga) brought forward ten chiefs and one war-chief. They were of the Clans, Heron, Deer, Turtle, Bear and Snipe.

The Clan Mothers of the People of the Great Hill (Senecas) brought forward eight chiefs and one war-chief. They were of the Clans, Bear, Snipe, Turtle, Wolf and Eagle.

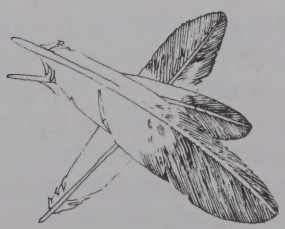
Deganahwideh then said to the chiefs, "I place upon your heads, deer antlers as emblems of your power. Your old names are taken away and new names, which have more power, are given to you. Your old clothes are removed and new robes are given to you. Your patience must be very great, seven thumbs thick. You must walk and work in unity.



Never think of your own interests but work to benefit the people and those yet unborn. All of your power comes from the Great Peace and you must pledge yourselves to it. Deganahwideh repeated all of the laws that he and Hiawatha had created for the building of the Great Peace. The fifty chiefs of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas, each gave to Deganahwideh a string of lake-shell wampum as a pledge of truth and loyalty to the Laws of the Great Peace.

Deganahwideh made the Onondagas the Firekeepers and the Capital of the Confederacy. Adadarho was made Fire Keeper of the sacred fire burning at Onondaga. He was made the chief speaker at the Confederate Council.

Deganahwideh said that a chief must always speak the truth, that his tongue must be straight. He, a chief, must have a big heart (kind, considerate, generous) and must always consider the welfare of his people. He must give freely of what he owns to his people, especially the poor and less fortunate. He must always be ready to help those of his people who are in want or need. His aid must be given willingly and he must receive no pay or reward for his services. He must even be willing to give away his own personal belongings, even skins and meat, if it will better his people by doing so. A Chief must never forget the Creator of Mankind. He must even ask the Great Spirit for help and assistance. He must always remember the Laws of the Great Peace. They must come before every other thought. The chiefs of the Five Nations must council and work together. They must work in



unity and not try to do things separately, less their nation become divided. Any great move, step or act must have the consent of all of the Five Nations. A chief must be very wise, very patient. He must never let his temper get the best of him, less he not be able to cast good judgement. His skin must be seven thumbs thick. Always must he remember that the Great Confederacy was organized for peace. Peace and friendship among all people was the main aim of the Great Law.

The Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas are as one nation or people. They are bound together. As one people they must work together. Only in unity will there be strength. The Head Men must always remember that other nations are to be invited to take shelter beneath the Tree of Long Leaves. The eagle on top of the Tree will guard and watch all peoples who wish to rest under the Tree. To the four corners of the world, North (Bear), West (Panther), East (Moose), and South (Fawn), the chiefs of the Confederacy are to send messengers inviting all to take shelter beneath the Great Tree of Peace, to join the Confederacy. The war clubs and other weapons of war are buried by all who accept the Great Peace.

Deganahwideh took a string of wampum and held it before the multitude saying:... "It is provided thus: I and the Confederate Lords have now planted a tree of "Great Peace" (Kayaneregowah) in your settlement, Adadarho, Onondagas the Firekeepers. This Tree of "Great Peace," I hereby name "Jonerahdesegowah." Under this shade of the Tree of Great Peace, we spread this "Jonodakenrahgowah" the belt of white wampum. On it, we have prepared for you "Adadarho," and your cousin Lords, seats. We now put you and your cousin Lords on the seats of prepared wampums spread under the shades of the spreading branches of the "Tree of Great Peace," to keep and watch the Confederate Council Fire; and all the business of the Confederate Nation will be transacted at this place, before you "Adadarho, and your cousin Lords, "Jarasentshenh."

Deganahwideh took a second wampum belt and held it before the multitude saying:..."It is provided thus: A root has grown out of this "Tree of Great Peace," one to the north, one to the south, one to the east and another to the west. The names of these roots are "Ohdehrakenrahgowah" meaning "Big White Root," and the nature of it is peace and charity. If any nation or individual outside of the Confederacy shall adopt the Laws of the "Great Peace," "Kayanerenhgowah," when they are made known to him or them by the Lords of the Five Confederate Nations, trace the roots to the Tree of "Great Peace," discipline their minds and spirits to obey, honor the wishes of the Imperial Council Fire of the Confederacy, they are welcome to take shelter under its spreading branches. We now place an Eagle on the top of the "Tree of Great Peace"; it can be seen a great distance, and if there is anything dangerous to the lives of the Confederate Nations, that which would be approaching, the bird shall warn them at once."

Deganahwideh took a third string of wampum and held it before the multitude saying: "It is provided thus: To you "Adadarho," and your cousin Lords, fourteen of you

altogether; this shall be your duty: You shall keep the Confederate Council Fire clean all around, you shall allow no dust or dirt to be seen around the Council Fire. I therefore lay a seagull wing (Shaweyesehgowah Onerahontshah) near you. Take this wing and sweep the dust and dirt away from the Council Fire. If you see any crawling creature approaching the Confederate Council Fire, I lay a stick by you with which you are to pitch the crawling creature from the Council Fire, and your cousin Lords will act with you at all times. Dust, dirt and crawling creatures signify a matter or proposition brought before the Council which would be injurious to the Confederate Nation. If you fail to reject it alone, you shall call the rest of your Confederate Lords to your aid."

Deganahwideh, one by one, took eighty-two wampum strings and belts, one for each of the laws of the Great Peace and held them before the multitude, at the same time telling the people what each string or belt signified. Thus was formed the Great Confederation of the Five Nations in the days before the arrival of white faced invaders from the Big Salt Water to the East.

Notes: Wampum String meanings taken from the true records of reading of Confederate Wampums by Dayedekane, Oshweken. Six Nation Lands and approved by Confederate Chiefs of the Iroquois Confederacy as being authentic. Copy of the entire wampum readings held by Mohawk Clan Chiefs of Oka, Caughnawaga and St. Regis.

THE CODE OF HANDSOME LAKE

By Aren Akweks

In 1735 at the Seneca Indian town of Conawagus on the Genesee River there was born an Indian boy who was later to become one of the greatest Indian prophets and teachers of recent historical date. This Seneca was later given the office of Chief of the Turtle Clan, with the title of Kaniatario or Handsome Lake.

To give the full life of Handsome Lake and all of the lessons that he taught would take considerable space. Out of the 130 sections of the Handsome Lake Religion, I will describe in brief his main teachings and their effect upon the present day Iroquois.

As a young man Handsome Lake was everything but a religious leader. He was a habitual drinker of the white man's firewater and more than once returned from the towns of the invader under the influence of the Indian's curse. At this time, in spite of the promises of the United States Government to keep the fur traders from bringing rum into Indian towns and in spite of the warnings of the Confederate Chiefs to these same traders, rum was circulated freely among the Iroquois. The Senecas, who had lost their country and who were becoming more and more surrounded by the whites, sought to forget their troubles by drinking rum. Under such conditions Handsome Lake lived.

Finally, after years of drinking, Handsome Lake became very ill, so ill that for four years he lay an invalid, not able to rise from his bed. At the end of the fourth year he walked from his cabin and fell to the earth, seemingly dead. His daughter immediately told his clan relatives of his death. His body was dressed in his ceremonial clothes and he was prepared for burial. When his relatives gathered for the

Death Ceremony he surprised everyone by sitting up, as his followers say, "Came to life."

From that day on Handsome Lake became a teacher and a prophet. Three messengers of the Great Spirit had come to him during his supposed death. They told him that the Creator of Mankind had chosen him to tell the Iroquois People how they should live and worship. From time to time for the next fifteen years the Three Messengers visited and instructed Handsome Lake with the wishes of the Creator. At such times Handsome Lake would seem to go into a trance. There was a fourth Messenger who was to come when the Prophet was to leave the earth, 'death'.

His most important message was to condemn the use of the white man's firewater. He said that it was for the white man's use and not for the Indian, that it was sent over to America by the Evil Spirit to destroy the Indians.

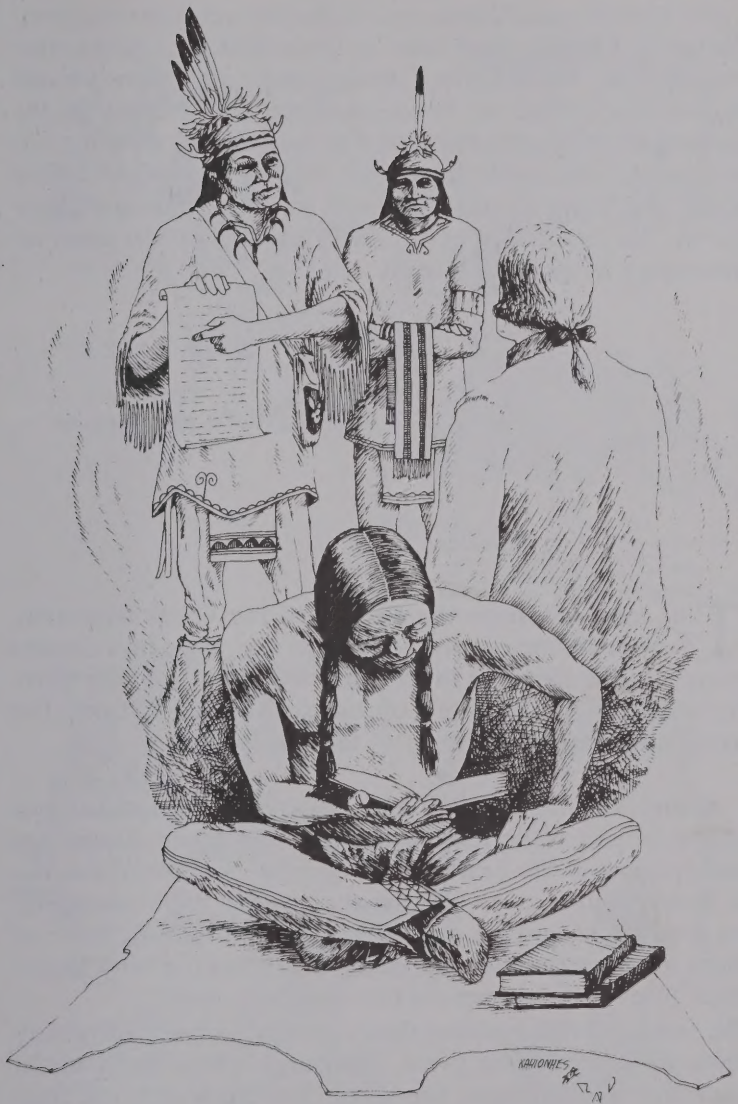
Handsome Lake checked this curse of the Indian and thus saved them from eventual extermination. His influence against the drinking habit was very noticeable among the Iroquois. It attracted the attention of neighboring white people. President Jefferson wrote the Chiefs of the Six Nations a letter, praising the teachings of Handsome Lake and advising the Iroquois to follow his teachings.

The Prophet taught that to be poor was no disgrace, that those who are poor on earth will have plenty in heaven. He said that those who imitate the invader and become rich in worldly possessions, thus forgetting to share with the less fortunate, were bought by the Evil Spirit. He said that it was impossible for a rich man to enter heaven.

Handsome Lake urged the Iroquois to follow the Indian customs and government.

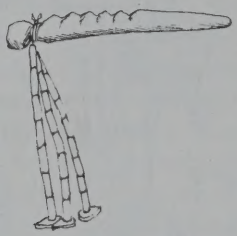
Handsome Lake taught that the really great man, one who was successful in this world was not the man who gained for himself wealth and power but the man who did most for his people.

He told the Council of Chiefs that in order to protect their country and people from the white man that it was necessary that some of their most promising young people should go away to the white man's schools, learn the white



man's business methods and return to the Indian country to help his own Nation. He said that unless they did this they were doomed.

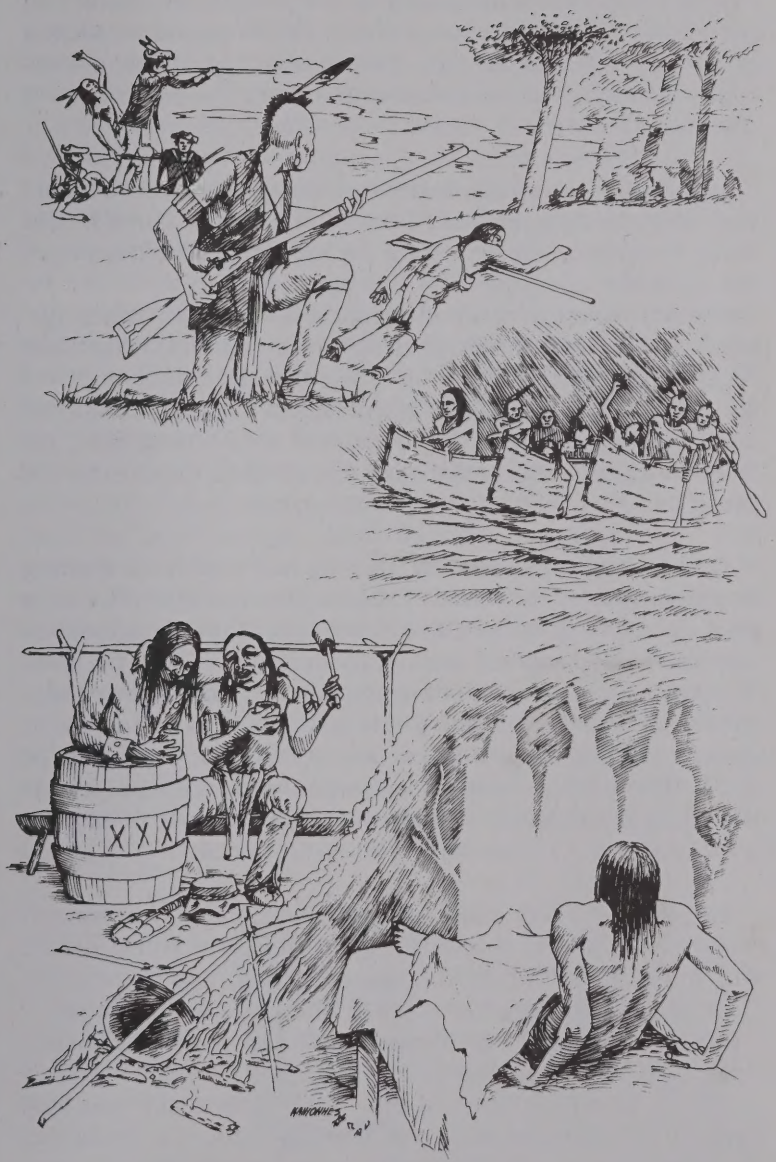
For sixteen years Handsome Lake preached the religion, Kariwiio. During that time he preached at Cornplanter Reservation, Cold Spring Reservation and Tonawanda Reservation. While at Tonawanda he was visited by the Messengers of the Creator who told him that he was to go to Onondaga and while there, the Fourth Messenger would come and lead Handsome Lake to the Land of Happy Spirits. His prediction of his death was true for a while at Onondaga he died August 10, 1815.



This story is about the People of the Great Mountain, Seneca Nation. Many winters in the past, in a Seneca village on the Genesee River 'Ganowages', a boy was born. He was given the name of Kaniatario or Handsome Lake. The name was a name of a chief of the Turtle Clan.

At that time the white settlers took over the beautiful lands of the Séneca Nation along the Genesee River. There was unhappiness in the hearts of the Senecas because of the loss of their beautiful river. The Senecas packed their belongings on their backs and set out toward the setting sun. Some of them settled on a new reservation near the Allegheny Mountains. They built a town on the Allegheny River.

The Senecas often paddled their canoes down the Allegheny River to a fur trading town 'Pittsburg'. There they would trade furs and skins for fire-water. On the way home they lashed their canoes together. Those who were intoxicated took the inside canoes. Those who were sober paddled in the outside canoes. Because of the danger of being drowned they had to return home in this manner. The people would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flee when the warriors returned. They would be drunk and the Evil Spirit would possess them. Doors would be kicked down, fires trampled out. Destruction and death always followed the return of the warriors from the trading town down the river.

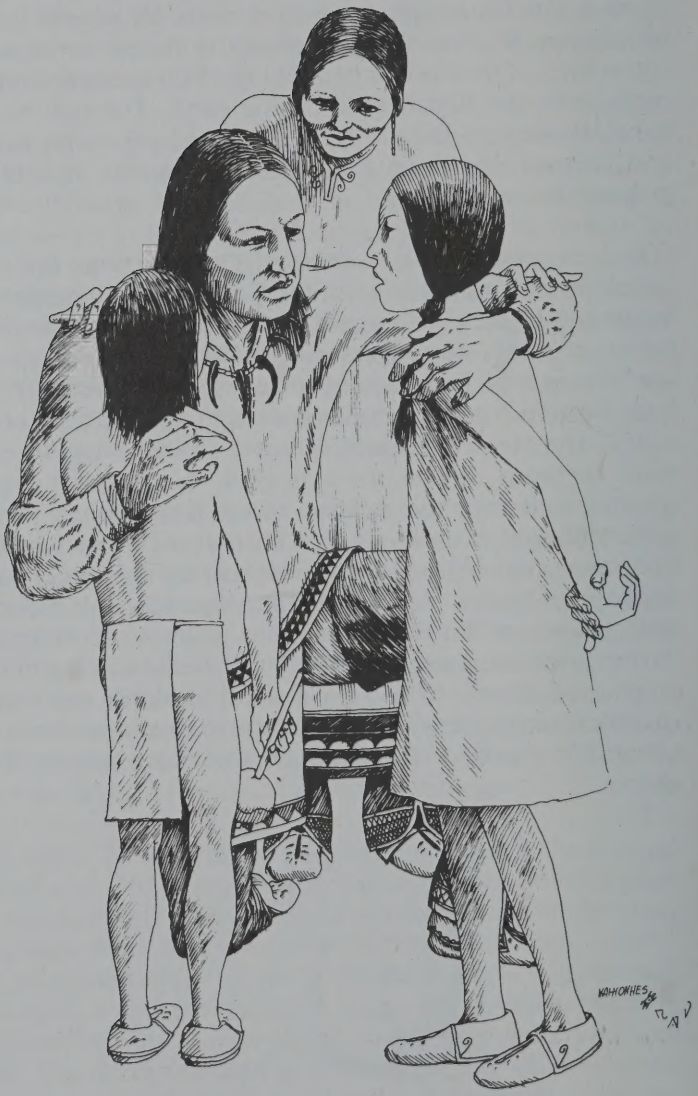
One of the Senecas, Kaniatario or Handsome Lake, became very ill from too much use of fire waters. While drunk he did many evil things. He even sang the sacred songs while under the influence of liquor. For four years he was so ill that he could not stand but was confined to his bed. Many times during the four years he thought that he would die. During these times he thought much of the things that the Great Spirit had created. He saw and felt the warm rays of the sun. At night he admired the beauty of the moon and the shining stars. He listened to the songs of the birds. He thanked the Creator for these things and asked to get well again.

One morning his daughter and her husband were shelling beans outside of the house. They heard a sound and looking up they saw their father, Handsome Lake, slowly walk out of the door. He staggered and fell to the earth. There he died. They quickly summoned his clan relatives. They dressed him in his ceremonial clothes for burial. His relatives came in silence, they sat around the dead chief's body. From time of dew until high noon they sat watching the dead chief. At high noon Kaniatario, Handsome Lake, sat up. When he spoke he said, "I have seen wonderful things."

He said, "A voice called me out of the cabin. I arose and walked out. Three wonderful appearing men stood before me. In one hand they held bows and arrows and in the other hand they held bunches of huckleberries of every color." The three men said "Eat these berries and you will recover. Also have a certain Medicine Man and Woman make a medicine that they know about. It will help make you well again. The Medicine Man and Woman made the medicine. Handsome Lake took this medicine and was made completely well. The three men said, "There are four of us. The

fourth spirit or angel will visit you at the time of your departure from this earth. We are here to tell you how the Great Spirit wants his people to live on earth. He speaks to you through us. We, the four Messengers, will deliver the words and wishes of the Creator of all things. You are to deliver our message to the Red People on the earth. Through us, the Four Messengers, the Great One will tell you what is right and what is wrong on this earth. You are to deliver His message to your people.

It is the time of the Strawberry Thanksgiving. Tell your people to continue, as of old, the Ceremonial Thanksgiving, Songs and Dances such as are performed certain seasons of the year." The Messengers said to Kaniatario, "Look and see." Handsome Lake looked and saw a valley between two hills. Hot vapor and steam was coming from a deep pit in the valley. The Messengers said, "Buried in that pit is an earth man. He must remain there forever, his punishment for refusing to deliver the message of the Great Spirit." Handsome Lake said to the Council, "The Great One says you are to drink no more fire-water! It was sent by the Evil Spirit to destroy the Indian. You must, when you hear this message, spill this poison on the ground and never touch it again." "You must cease practicing witchcraft. Cease causing mental or physical illness. To do so is sinful." "Some use certain charms to attract and influence people. Such methods are harmful to mankind. Destroy such and never employ them again."



"Some people, wishing to have no children, destroy them before birth. Such things must cease." He said, "A man and his wife live together and bear children." "Sometimes a man leaves his wife and child for another woman. Such actions must cease. It is the command of the Great Creator." "Man and wife must live together. They must rear their children well and keep them in good health, their hearts must be filled with love for each other." "Sometimes a man or woman becomes jealous of one another. Sometimes they even become jealous of the love of their children. Because of this they sometimes desert their children. Such a thing is sinful. Never desert your children. It is the command of the Creator." So said Kaniatario. "A mother often become jealous of her son-in-law and cause trouble between her daughter and her daughter's husband. Sometimes this trouble even cause the married couple to separate and the home is broken up. Such actions on the part of the jealous one is sinful and must cease," said the Prophet. "It is a sin for a father who has been drinking to play with his child. It burns the child's blood." So said the prophet. "If a married couple have no children let them adopt from the wife's clan two or three children. The couple should rear and love them as their own," said Kaniatario.

Handsome Lake said, "Whoever is kind to the aged, wins favor in the eyes of the Creator. Take care and love the old people and treat them as you would children. Never hurt their feelings by unkind words or actions." "Adults should listen to children who are natually honest and whose advice is often very good," said Kaniatario. He said, "There is a special punishment after death for that man who is cross to his wife or who strikes her." He said, "Some of you have been among white people and have seen their peculiar way of punishing a child by striking the child. Never break the spirit of the child. The Creator loves children and whoever whips a child, sins." "As punishment, blow water in a child's face." "If the child still does not mind, threaten to throw him into the river."

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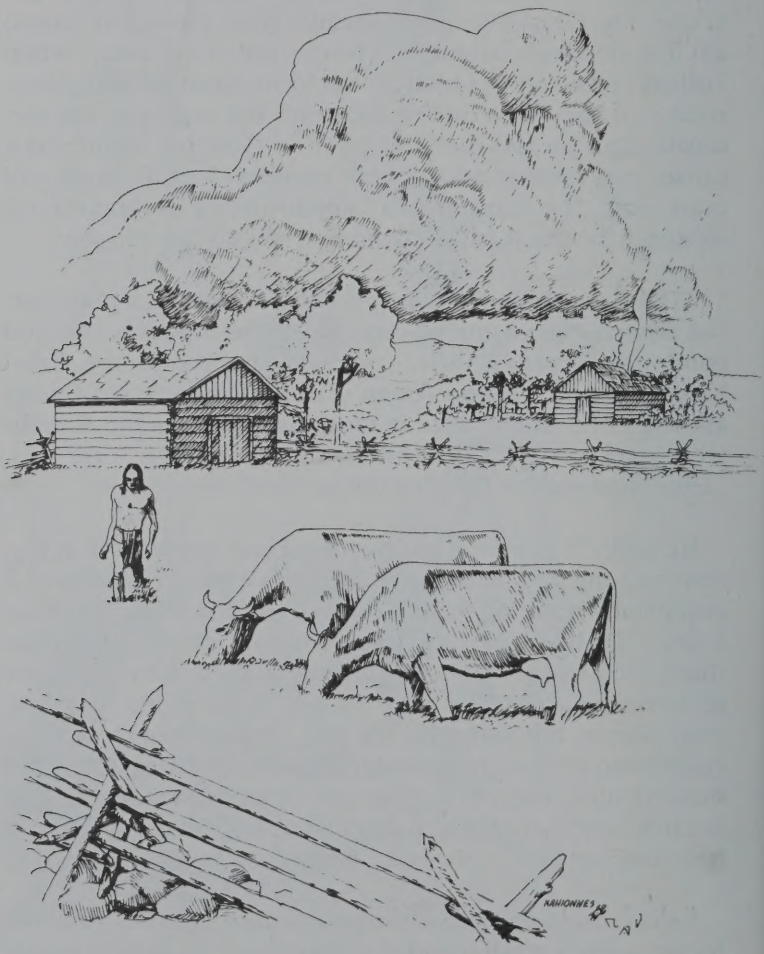
Handsome Lake said, "A man is happy with his family life. He goes on the hunt to supply his family with food. In the forest he, the hunter, meets one who loves to gossip and who tells him that his wife is unfaithful while he is away hunting. The hunter is sad at heart and because of this evil gossip he deserts his wife. His footsteps head toward the house of his own clan or family instead of to the door of his wife's house. The Great One is sad because such gossip has caused all this needless trouble." "Never put food away when visitors come. Always invite them to sit down and eat. Share what you have with others, especially the poor and less fortunate. This pleases the Sky Father." "Gossip is sinful and it causes bad feelings and trouble between friends. Such evil must cease. It is also sinful to listen to an evil tale and not try to stop it before it causes trouble," so said the Prophet.

"The Great Father is happy when you call on a poor person who is ragged and unkept. Wash the orphan's face and comb the orphan's hair," so said the Handsome Lake. Kaniatario said, "If you see an orphan or poor child always ask the child in and give it food. This pleases the Creator who loves poor people and especially children." He said, "Give food and clothing to the needy."

He said, "A person is good looking and boasts of it. A person is strong and boasts of it. A man is a good runner and is continually boasting that he can run like the wind or outrun a deer. To boast of such gifts is sinful. Instead, you must thank the Creator that he has given you these gifts. If you are so fortunate as to have a special gift or talent use it to help your people, not yourself." He said, "It has been the Indians customs to help each other during cabin building time, corn husking time, harvesting time and in times of sickness. The Creator says to continue to carry on this custom. It is good to have helping bees." He said, "Help each in time of need."

Kaniatario said, "The white people are all around you. The Indian is like a small island in a large river. To protect the Indians from the numerous white men, the Council of the Six

Nations should appoint two young men from each nation to go to the white man's town. There, they should go to school and learn the habits and ways of the white people. So many white people surround us that we must learn their ways to protect ourselves."



The white people have a custom that is good. To protect his family in case of the father's death, he has a farm that will provide them with food. On this farm he raises cows, horses and other stock. It is good that you adopt some of the things of the white men. It is good to have a nice garden and house. It is good to have cows, horses, pigs and other livestock, providing there is no pride. It is possible to overdue this thing," said the Prophet. Sometimes one will find a garden in the forest. He will help himself to the products of the garden without the owners's consent. To take what does not belong to you is sinful. If you really are in 'need' ask the owner for some. The owner must not refuse if he has plenty." so said Kaniatario.

"There are certain animal and bird societies whose members have certain powers and aids because of these animals. It is the wish of the Great One that the members scatter tobacco and never meet again" said Kaniatario. 'Buffalo, Bear, Eagle, Otter Societies'. "Chiefs must remember that they are to work for the welfare of their people, not themselves. The welfare of the Nation must always be the first thought in the mind of a chief," said the Prophet. Handsome Lake said, "People must never forget to give thanks for life and the gifts from the above. Thanks must be given for the things of the earth, upward to the sky." Kaniatario said, "There will become a day when the deer and the bear will become extinct. These animals have been used as sacred food at the ceremonial feasts. When the deer and bears are killed off, the people will use beef and pork as ceremonial food."

"You are not aware that the Evil Spirit is ever near you. He continually is trying to prevent you from attending the Ceremonies and Thanksgiving at the Long House. He will try to persuade you not to attend, do not heed his advice. It pleases the Great One that you attend the Ceremonies held in his honor." said Kaniatario. "The One Above has created a new kind of deer. These deer are colored white. The male's coat is spotted and the female's coat has stripes on her side.

These deer are sacred and are not to be killed," said Kaniatario. He said, "The pigeon and the hawk do not mate. The Indian should marry into his or her own race."

He said, "There are three grades of sin, the sins of chiefs, the sins of the religious leaders and the sins of the common people. The greater the office, the greater the sin." "Chiefs and leaders must not quarrel but must work together in peace and harmony," said the Prophet.

He said, "Some have laughed at the desires of the Creator. They have said that there is no harm in drinking strong drink. Let there be a contest between two groups of equal number. One groups will eat food such as corn, beans and vegetables. The other group will drink strong drink. Before the feast is over you will see that the group of the strong drink will have killed one of their own number while those who ate food only will be well and with clear minds." He said, "Fear not the white man who surrounds you and who has his eyes upon you. The Creator watches from above and will protect the Red Children."

He said, "The Great One is angry at some of you. It is a grave sin for an Indian to make fun and laugh at the dances and ceremonials of his fathers. There is a terrible punishment after death for that Indian who is guilty of such a dishonorable thing." "In the Upper World the Great One is sad. The Evil One says that man belongs to him because man does what the Evil One demands. The Evil One says that if he tells man to strike his neighbor that man obeys. From now on you must not call the Great One, Our Ruler, He does not rule the world now. You must call him, Our Creator. The Evil One you must call, the Tormenter." so said the Prophet. The Prophet said, "it is a sin to take another's life."

He said, "At the beginning of the planting season it has been the custom of the old people to have a virgin girl scatter kernels of corn over the new made hills of corn, this is to be done in the early dawn while the dew is yet on the earth and before the sunrise. As she does this she is to ask the Creator for a good crop of corn. This custom pleases the Creator.

"Do not fear death. When your time comes to leave this earth, sing your death song and die bravely, if you have led a good life upon this earth. If you truly repent your sins, you do not have to fear," said the Prophet. "Because of outside influences the Six Nations have become divided and disunited. Never again, upon this earth, will the Six Nations be united as of old," so said Kaniatario.

"The Creator gave the Medicine Men and Women their ability and gifts for the good of the people. A Medicine Man or Women should give his or her service free asking only tobacco in payment," said the Prophet. "Before using a plant for medicine scatter tobacco and thank the plant for its aid. Thank also the Creator. Plant seeds when you uproot the plant. It is wrong to pick any plant if you do not intend to use it," said the Prophet.

"Grief adds to the sorrow of the dead. It takes ten days for the spirit of a dead person to reach the Spirit World. At the end of ten days prepare a feast in honor of the dead person. The spirit of the dead one will be at the feast. Cease grieving after the Death Feast," said Kaniatario. "In the sky there are four great roads. They are the paths of the four human races of the world. The trail of the dead is the Milky Way," said the Prophet. The Great Sky Trail stretches above the earth. He said, "The world will be destroyed by fire. Those who have been faithful to the Four Messengers will fall into a deep sleep. They will be lifted up to the New World. They will not suffer." He said, "It pleases the Creator when a hunter shares his kill with the needy, the widow and the orphan." The Three Messengers took Handsome Lake along the Great Sky Road to visit the Land of Evil Souls and also the Land of the Good Spirits. Sprawled upon the Sky Road was a very fat woman. She was so huge and fat that she could not stand up on her feet. She clutched at everything in attempt to stand. The Messengers said that this woman while on the earth was very grasping and stingy. Because of her greed this is her punishment after death. "Those who gain their wealth through greed and dishonesty cannot stand on the sky road." They said.

He saw three groups of people. The large group are the unbelievers. The next large group are the half believers. The third group, a very small group, are the faithful. The Messengers said it would be this way.Beside the Spirit Road he saw a house with bars in the window, a pair of handcuffs, a hangman's rope and a whip. The Messengers said that these will be for the Indians who think that the Indian Law is no good. He saw a long iron house. It was white hot. It had one door and no windows. Many foot marks led in at the door. Many of them were moccasin tracks. He could hear sounds of wailings and crys of pain. This is the future home of those Indians who abandon the religion of their own fathers.

Below him he saw the Buffalo Creek Reservation. It was covered with a huge net. He said, "I believe that we will lose this reservation to the whites." It happened as predicted. The Three Messengers pointed toward the west, the setting sun. Handsome Lake looked and saw a white man prodding the earth with a bayonet. The Messengers said, "The White Man wants you Iroquois to help him kill some of your own people who are fighting for their country. Tell your people that they are not to aid the white man in destroying Indian people. Half way on the Sky Trail the Prophet saw George Washington and his dog standing before a nice appearing house that hung from the sky. The white President seemed contented. They, the Messengers, said that because the Town Destroyer had allowed the Indians of the Six Nations to stay in their native lands instead of driving them to the west, that he was allowed to live here as a reward. He is the only white man who got that near the New World. In the Upper World Kaniatario met Jesus Christ. Christ showed him

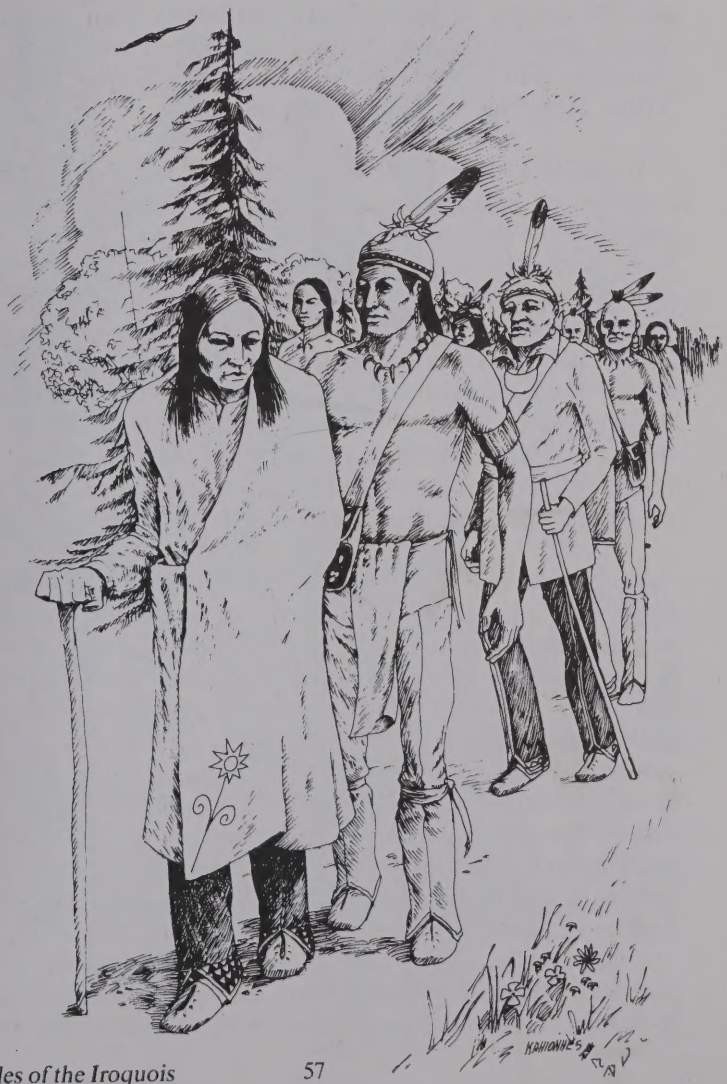
scars left on his hands and feet, caused by nails being driven into them. He showed him a knife wound in his side. The wounds were raw and unhealed. Christ said that when he tried to tell his people, the white men, the wishes of the Creator they had killed him. He said that when the end of the world comes, they would stretch out their hands for his aid but that he would turn his back to them. He said to Handsome Lake, "tell your people that they must not follow the ways of the white man."

Along the Sky Trail Handsome Lake saw a tired looking man carrying earth and putting it in a huge pile. Such is the punishment for that Indian who sells the country, the birthright of his people, to the invader. He must move and put into a huge pile all of the land that he has sold. In the Upper World there was a wide, rough road of many foot marks. A small trail branched off from this. This small trail had a few foot marks, mostly of children. The wide road was the land of the Evil One. The narrow trail led to the lodge of the Good Spirit.

Carrying a crystal that protected them, the three Messengers led Handsome Lake to the House of the Evil Spirit. The House of the Tormenter was long, made of iron and was hot. It was in this that Handsome Lake saw the punishments for the sinful. Lovers of fire-water, witchcrafts, the vain, wife beaters, gossips, quarrels, fiddle players, card players, etc.

The Three Messengers left the House of the Evil One. They followed the narrow trail of few foot marks. This trail led to the Land of the Happy Spirits. The trail led to a beautiful country. There were great trees, many bearing different kinds of fruits. Strawberries grew abundantly along the trail. Birds of all kinds filled the air with sweet music. Game was abundant. The animals seemed to live together in friendship. Kaniatario saw all these things.

Three places in the New World were visited by Kaniatario. They were, the Spring, the Grassy Place and the Place of Trees. He met his dog that had been dead for some time. The dog recognized Kaniatario and seemed well and contented. He saw his dead neice and son walking along together.



Behind them were two long dead elders. They all seemed very happy. He heard loud singing. It was the voice of a good man, long dead. It had been the custom of this man, while on earth, to call the people together to perform the Feather Dance. He was doing the same thing in the New World. He and the people all seemed well and happy. His, Kaniatario's future home in the New World was pointed out to him. After showing Handsome Lake a little of the Upper World the Three Messengers led him back to earth.

Handsome Lake lived at Cornplanter Reservation for ten years, Cold Springs for two years and Tonawanda for four years. While at Tonawanda the Onondagas, People of the Hills, sent a message to him requesting him to journey to Onondaga to preach the Kariwiio, the Good Word. The Three Messengers told Handsome Lake to go to Onondaga. They said, "While you are at Onondada you will sing your Death Song, you will die." When Handsome Lake delivered his answer to the Onondagas the children of the Senecas held a council and invited Handsome Lake to attend. Two representatives of the child Council wept tears as they begged Handsome Lake to remain with them at Tonawanda.

Many people journeyed with the Prophet to Onondaga. Many tracks led there from Tonawanda. They travelled one sun and camped at the long abandoned Seneca Town of Ganowages on the Genesee River. That night Handsome Lake had a vision. He saw an old trail overgrown and covered with grass. At the end of the second day the party camped at a long-abandoned Seneca town near where the City of Geneva now stands. That night Handsome Lake had a vision. He saw a woman and she was speaking. When the party approached Onondaga Handsome Lake was very ill. He was so ill that he could hardly stand. The Onondagas played a game of lacrosse, hoping to cheer him up. Kaniatario said, "I will soon go to the New World. I see before me a plain pathway. Those who believe my message will follow in my footsteps. I will welcome them with out-stretched arms."

There, at Onondaga, the fourth Messenger came to lead Kaniatario to the New World 'August 10, 1815' Sa-ko-ri-on-nie-ni-ko-wa is buried near the Long House at Onondaga.

NIEHWEH RAWENIO

We gave thanks to our Creator, Maker of all things
We throw tobacco, smoke rises. It lifts our words and thoughts to him
Now we speak to Rawenio, the Great Maker
He looks and listens to words of people here gathered

With happy hearts we thank Him that we are here to take part in council
We thank Him that He has given us our mother, the Earth
From her breast all things grow
We thank Rawenio for herbs, roots and grasses
For bushes, berries and trees that give us fruit
For flowers and trailing vines
For corn, beans, squash, our sustainers of life

We thank Him for springs, rivers and streams that give us water
For Thunderers that bring rain

We thank our Creator for creatures that live on land
We thank Him for creatures that live in air and waters
We thank Him for many lights that live in the sky
For Sun, our elder brother, who guards us by day
For Moon, our grandmother who watches over us at night
For stars that guide the paths of men

We thank Him that he has made men creatures to live on earth
We thank Him that he has made women creatures
In whose arms are little children
May little children continue to bring happiness to homes of man

Continue to listen, Rawenio! For again we throw tobacco
Again we speak! Breathe smoke and listen
Preserve the aged among us our old men and women
Watch over and protect our women and children
Drive evil from the minds of people
Cause them to be proud of their thoughts and actions

Now we give thanks that minds of people here gathered
Are turned skyward to the Creator of all things
Now we give praise and thanks that hearts of people are as one heart
Now we give praise and thanks that peace and happiness fill our lodges
Now all people gathered here are giving praise and thanks
From low earth upward to great sky, the home of our Creator
With all their heart, with all their strength
The people are giving praise and thanks to the Father

Now smoke rises he has felt it

Now we have spoken he has heard our words

It is finished, Onen!

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